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THE HAND-PRINTS ON THE WALL AT BIKANIR: THE PRINCESS OF WALES SEES A RELIC OF SUTTEE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

MR. BEGG WRITES: "At the Hasur Gate of the old Palace it was the custom in the days of Suttee for the widow, as she went forth to be burnt on her husband's funeral-pyre, to place the impress of her hand on the wall. The imprints were afterwards carved in low relief. Only the two hands shown are at all perfect. The others are hardly distinguishable, being very ancient. The spikes in the door seen through the gateway were placed there to repel the onset of charging elephants."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

Everything that is really lovable can be hated; and there are undoubtedly people who hate Christmas. It is not difficult to divide them roughly according to their reasons for doing so. There are those, for instance, who hate what they call vulgarity and what is really mankind. There are those who dislike playing the fool, preferring to act the same part in a more serious spirit. There are those who cannot sit down to a steady meal because they have those insane American nerves which the Scriptural writer prophesied when he wrote (foreseeing the life of the rich Yankee): "There is no peace for the wicked." There are those who object to Waits—I never can imagine why. There are those who hate Christianity and call their hatred an all-embracing love for all religions. There are those (equally unchristian in their basic sentiment) who hate Paganism. They regret the Pagan quality in the Christian festival; which is simply regretting that Christianity satisfied the previous cravings of mankind. There are some who cannot or will not eat turkey and sausages. Of course if this is simply part of a private physical necessity, it may leave the soul still in a sound Christmas condition. But if it is part of a philosophy, it is a part of philosophy with which I disagree. I hold myself in a simple abstract position towards the vegetarian and towards the teetotaler. I can respect the thing as a regimen, but not as a religion. As long as the man abstains from low motives I can heartily sympathise with him. It is when he abstains from high motives that I hold him as a heretic.

There are these people, then, who dislike Christmas, and no doubt they are very numerous. But even if they are the majority, they are still essentially mad. Christmas must certainly be delightful to the normal man—if he can be found. I need hardly point out to any readers of this paper so alphabetical a fact of philosophy as the fact that the normal does not mean merely the average. If there are only four men in the world, if one has broken his nose, another had his eye put out, if the third has a bald head, and the fourth has a wooden leg, it does not in the least affect the fact that the normal man, from whom they all by various accidents fall short, is a man with two eyes, two legs, natural hair and an unbroken nose. So it is with mental or moral normality. If you put round a table four of the most celebrated philosophers in modern Europe, no doubt you would find that each had his little abnormality. I do not say the modern philosopher would have a broken nose; though, if there were any spirit and courage in the modern populace he would get one fast enough. Let us say that he had a mental dislocation, his spiritual nose broken, and that some similar criticism applied to each of his three companions. One of them (let us say) might be so constituted that he could not see blotting-paper without bursting into tears. The second (the Prophet of the Will to Power) would be constitutionally afraid of rabbits. A third would be always expecting a visit from a nine-headed monkey. A fourth will expect the Superman. But precisely because all these insanities are different they leave untouched the idea of the central sanity from which they all fall away. The man who is mad on blotting-paper is sane on rabbits. The man who believes in a nine-headed monkey is not such a fool as to believe in the Superman. Even if there be no other men in the world but these four, there is still existent in idea the Normal Man of whom each is a variation or rather a violation. But I incline rather to think that the Normal Man does exist also in a physical and locatable sense. Hiding in some crazy attic from the fury of the populace (whose fiery faces fill the street below like a sea), barricaded against the madness of the mere majority of men, there lives somewhere the man whose name is Man. Wherever he is he is at one with himself, and the balance of his mind is like music. And wherever he is he is eating plum-pudding.

As I walk down the street I admit that I can understand a sensitive person being a little bored, or at least a little bewildered, by the external displays of Christmas, the shop-fronts full of sheafs and sheafs of incongruous Christmas cards or with children's toys that only madmen could make and only millionaires buy. One writer against Christmas went so far as to say that the shopkeepers for their own commercial purposes alone sustain Christmas Day. I am not sure whether he said that the shopkeepers invented Christmas Day. Perhaps he thought that the shopkeepers invented Christianity. It is a quaint picture, the secret conclave between the cheesemonger, the poulterer, and the toy-shop keeper, in order to draw up a theology that shall convert all Europe and sell some of their goods. Opponents of Christianity would believe anything except Christianity. That the shopkeepers make Christmas is about as conceivable as that the confectioners make children. It is about as sane as that milliners manufacture women. Still, as I have said, I can understand a man finding the common Christmas shows incomprehensible or tiresome. The Christmas cards especially sometimes reach the flattest

and dreariest level of caddishness or cant. But this is simply because we leave Christmas symbolism so much in the automatic hands of hirelings. It is not because we feel too Christmassy, but because we do not feel Christmassy enough. All these hilarious human observances are in this respect in the same position: as long as they are enjoyed they are enjoyable; it is only when a priggish criticism is brought to bear on them that they become, in practice, prosaic and irritating. It is not the popular belief in them, but a popular disbelief in them that makes them a general nuisance. The opponents of ritual attack it on the ground that it becomes formal and hollow. So it does. But ritual only becomes formal and hollow where men are not sufficiently ritualistic.

For instance, we may gaze reverently at a row of popular Christmas cards, and find them chiefly dependent upon some extraordinarily indirect and elephantine puns; puns that could not possibly have occurred jocularly or as jokes to any conceivable human fool. One, let us say, will exhibit a simple and unmistakable picture of a hat. Attached to it will be the cunning legend, "Wishing t(hat) you may have a happy Christmas." The word "hat," I may explain (lest the irony be at first too subtle), is contained in the word "that," and isolated from it by brackets. Or perhaps we see some other symbol. We may see, say, a realistic neck-tie or cravat, with the explanation that the inventor wishes you an en-tie-erly happy New Year. Now the fact that I wish to point out about this kind of joke is, not that it is a bad joke, but that it is psychologically and in its nature not a joke at all. No man thought of it as a joke. The man who made it up did not burst into a yell of laughter; which is a test. Nothing is more pitiful (I need hardly say) than the cant objection to a man laughing at his own jokes. If a man may not laugh at his own jokes, at whose jokes may he laugh? May not an architect pray in his own cathedral? May he not (if he is any artist worth speaking of) be afraid of his own cathedral? But, as I say, these postcard puns are not jokes; they are not bad jokes. No man ever drew the breath of life, no man, however coarse, crapulous, vulgar, half-witted, partly insane—no man ever existed who tried to turn the word "that" into the word "hat" as a conversational witticism. There is nothing exuberant, nothing jolly about such a joke; rather it is a gloomy effort of intellectual subtlety. Happy people make bad jokes, but not that bad joke. Nobody would say it however happy he was. Nobody would say it however drunk he was. It does not come, and cannot come, out of the sincere merry-makers of Christmas, however ignorant or silly or brutal they may happen to be. Only too obviously it comes out of the mechanical mind of persons whose only business it is to add such unbearable jests to such unmeaning pictures. Briefly, such frivolity does not come from the frivolous. It does not come from those who are allowed a holiday. It comes too evidently from those who are not allowed a holiday. It comes from those laborious unfortunates for whom Christmas is not Christmas. It is not a product of the observance of the Christmas spirit, but a product of its violation.

As for the people who positively say, in so many words, that the inanity or heaviness of such heartless and headless jokes as these is only an example of the stupidity and ignorance of the common people, I don't know what to say to them, except to tell them to take the wool out of their ears. The man who can seriously believe that the lower classes are stupid in the matter of humour can never have even seen an omnibus, much less been on one. The man who can talk of "educating" the sense of humour of the poor must be one of those rare persons so firm (or so munificent) as never to have had a row with a cabman. The wit of the working classes is not only immeasurably superior to the lumbering jests of the Christmas cards; it is much superior, as literature, to the wit of the educated classes. If, therefore, anybody tells me that "wishing you an en-tie-erly happy Christmas" is put on the cards because it is the only fun ordinary people can comprehend, he tells me something which I simply know to be untrue. He might as well tell me that the neck-tie is put in the picture because it is the only thing they wear. No; the real reason of this Christmas silliness lies, as I have said, in the neglect of Christmas. If the ordinary people were making their own jokes to please themselves, they would be good jokes. As they are being made by paid people to please ordinary people, they are bad. It is often a mistake to go to specialists; but it is always a mistake to go to them for high spirits.

The truth, I think, is, in this and many other matters, that public life is actually stupider than private life. The country is sown thick with little debating clubs in which the speaking is much brighter and more suggestive than the speaking in the House of Commons. In every street there are two or three people at least who tell their children far better impromptu fairy-tales than the slush of sentimental imitations that fill so many magazines. And the great public celebration of Christmas, as it appears in jokes, songs, and pictures, is far below what is going on behind the nearest front door.

A "YELLOW" YELLOW BOOK.

I turn from reading the special pleadings of the Yellow Book recently published in Paris to the Memoirs of Sir John Drummond Hay, sometime British Minister at the Court of Morocco, and glance at some of that great diplomat's letters written more than twenty years ago. I will quote no more than two brief extracts. Here is the first, dated Oct. 4, 1883—

The action of France appears to be that of paralysing the Government and authority of the Sultan by covert proceedings, and when anarchy takes place, then perhaps *La Grande Nation* hopes to be asked by the civilised world to step in and protest.

In May 1884 he wrote—

Now I know not one single act of the French Government, or its representative in this country [M. Ordega], which has been beneficial to the cause of civilisation, or introduced any reform or improvement in Morocco, and I defy any Frenchman to state them.

Sir John passed away twenty years ago, but while Lord Salisbury was in charge of this country's foreign affairs, the policy that our Minister had followed for nearly forty years in sunset land was adhered to strictly.

I take up Mr. Moses Aflalo's valuable book, "The Truth about Morocco," and read from a letter written by Earl Granville to Lord Lyons in April 1881 the following—

M. Chalamel-Lacour, the French Ambassador, called, and reported that there was no intention on the part of France to annex Tunis.

On May 4 of the same year the Treaty of Kassar Said established a French Protectorate over Tunis. Later, I find a declaration signed by Lord Salisbury and M. Waddington, dated Aug. 5, 1890, and read—

It is understood that the establishment of the protectorate [over Madagascar] will not affect any rights or immunities enjoyed by British subjects in that island.

In 1891, Lord Salisbury, speaking at Glasgow, remarked—

Some day or other Morocco will be as great a trouble to Europe, and will carry with it as great a menace to the peace of Europe, as the other Mohammedan countries farther to the east used to be twenty or thirty years ago.

In the years that followed this plain warning, it is an open secret that the methods of our neighbours in Morocco were deliberately calculated to provoke serious trouble. The French representatives continued to rob the Sultan of his subjects by giving them protection with a free hand, to sap the Sultan's power by upholding the two children of the late Grand Sharief of Wazzan; and then in 1899, when this country was tied hand and heel in South Africa, France began again, in South-Eastern Morocco, the forward movement that she had attempted before, and had been compelled to suspend in the reign of Mulai el Hasan.

One reads in this very Yellow Book more than a suggestion that the unruly tribes of the Sahara were constantly troubling the French territory. But those of us who have travelled in Morocco have been forced to the conclusion that tribes armed with old flintlock guns can do very little against trained soldiers whose weapons include modern quick-firing rifles and artillery that employs melinite shells. The invasion of South-Eastern Morocco, of Touat, Tidikelt, Gourara, and, later, of Igli and Zawi-el-Kenadsa, might possibly be explained away by statements to the effect that the British Government had been advised of French intentions; but it constituted a deliberate invasion of the territory belonging to the Sultan of Morocco, and the justification given to the Maghzen was simply that, since the Sultan could not control the marauders, France was obliged to act as she did in self-defence. And yet nobody knew better than France that the Sultan's writ does not run beyond the Atlas Mountains, and that France herself was taking all the Sultan's best men into her military service.

In 1901, only four years ago, British policy was still directed to the maintenance of the *status quo*, and to the work of promoting reforms in Morocco to which Sir John Drummond Hay had given the best years of his life. When the Kaid Menebhi came to London nominally to congratulate King Edward on his accession to the throne, but in point of fact to discuss measures for averting the danger that threatened his country, he received assurances of support, and carried them back in great glee to his master. Then, soon after his return, and the small triumphs of the Rogui, who was more than suspected of being in the pay of France, our neighbours deliberately frustrated British attempts to put Morocco's finance on a sure footing. The situation was strained, but the change in British policy relieved it, and the *entente* with France handed Morocco, which was not in Great Britain's gift, to France, who had no right to receive it. Concerning this Treaty, as Mr. Aflalo points out, French papers of light and leading expressed themselves quite frankly; the *Débats* remarking that France had conceded rights which were without value, and gained most monumental concessions, while *La Liberté* acknowledged that France had given way on purely secondary points of questionable value, and *La Petite République* declared that France received more than she gave.

So it happened that Morocco has been called upon to pay the fullest penalty for trusting British promises, and that penalty will be exacted at the forthcoming Conference, while one of the best-informed publicists in Morocco, Mr. Walter B. Harris, rates the Sultan for intriguing with Germany against France. Surely it is reasonable to refer the gifted author of "Tafilet" to the fourth verse of the second chapter of the Book of Job. All our admiration of the French character, so remarkable for its perseverance, its singleness of purpose, its patience, and its resourcefulness, should not blind us to the fact that the French record in North Africa is an unfortunate one, nor should we forget that on more than one occasion Germany has stood side by side with Great Britain in the work of preserving the integrity of Africa's last great independent empire.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

In the London theatrical world the Christmas season has begun this year considerably later than usual. Ordinarily it has been heralded some ten days or more in advance by the simultaneous production of various entertainments devised for young playgoers' delectation. This year two of the four children's plays promised are not due till the eve or the very beginning of the New Year, and youngsters who do not care for pantomime—if such there are—have had their choice limited this week to "Peter Pan" and "Bluebell." The pantomimes, too, have come out less early than has customarily been the rule, only one of any note having been staged prior to Christmas. Notices, therefore, of the bulk of London's Yuletide entertainments must be postponed in these columns till next week, and in the current issue attention will be confined to the two children's plays and to the Drury Lane pantomime.

"PETER PAN," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Great is the magic of Mr. J. M. Barrie, the man with the heart of a child and all its fervent power of make-believe, the author who, like his "Peter Pan," has never grown up, and therefore still retains the fecund imagination of childhood. Already he might seem to have exhausted the possibilities of even his exuberant and whimsical art on his delightful history of the gay boy-adventurers who wandered to the Never-Never Land, and were mothered there by sweet Wendy, and were attacked by fierce pirates and protected by faithful Red Indians. But no! for this year's revival of "Peter Pan" Mr. Barrie has added a whole chapter of incidents to the mock melodrama of his pretty fantasy—to wit, an island scene in which lovely mermaids nearly steal the sleeping Wendy, followed by an episode wherein Peter Pan, though wounded by pirates, fights a cormorant for her nest and sails in it triumphantly home. Save that the hero has a new representative in Miss Cecilia Loftus, who lacks the boyish and elvish charm of Miss Nina Boucicault, but shows in compensation a wistful pathos and an abounding energy, the original exponents retain their parts—Mr. Du Maurier still most happy as the timorous pirate-chief, Miss Hilda Trevelyan inimitable as the tender child-mother Wendy—and nearly all the clever children of last year's production acting once more with an almost inspired naturalness and a Barrie-like spontaneity.

"BLUEBELL," AT THE ALDWYCH.

In a particularly handsome new playhouse, which, by reason of the prevailing tints of its colour-scheme being Dubarry rose-cream and gold, has an air of exceptional cosiness, the long-popular "Bluebell in Fairyland" made a most welcome reappearance last Saturday, and was received with an almost extravagant enthusiasm, many of the occupants of pit and gallery having waited for admission since early morning with a zeal that can only be compared with that of patrons of the old Lyceum. Since the Aldwych, as Mr. Hicks's new theatre is named, has a seating accommodation of 1700, and is by many degrees larger than the original home of "Bluebell," the new production of this pretty fairy play is on a much more elaborate scale than that provided at the little Vaudeville; the chorus has been increased, the stage-crowd has been nearly doubled, and a grand transformation scene has been added, as well as an elaborate ballet of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," not to mention new songs, new dresses, and more imposing scenery. But after all, "Bluebell" remains the same, in that its main charm still depends upon the engaging personalities of its two chief interpreters, that most happily associated couple—Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks. Miss Terriss, of course, is girlish temper and innocence incarnate, and her sunniness of grace and infectious gaiety make her once more the darling of every member of her audience; while Mr. Hicks acts with all his old unvaried vivacity and ready resource.

THE "CINDERELLA" PANTOMIME, AT DRURY LANE.

Mr. Arthur Collins need have no fears as to the success of "Cinderella": it is one of the prettiest and most refined entertainments ever presented at Drury Lane—a real children's pantomime, which is not the less attractive and amusing for adhering fairly strictly to the simple lines of the old nursery story. Simplicity, indeed, is the mark of even its spectacular wonders, the whole scene, for instance, in which Cinderella's godmother transforms wriggling lizards into coachmen and mice into sweet little ponies, and a vast ugly pumpkin becomes a crystal coach of dazzling beauty is so naturally arranged that the children among the first-night audience paid it the pretty compliments of loud and repeated exclamations of delight. Similarly, the woodland tableaux and the elaborate procession of flowers, and again the doll-dance and the pictures of fairyland, while they retain the old splendour of the Lane's traditions, have an added touch of artistry. If refinement, too, is the noticeable mark of the pantomime, it is the mark also of the performers. The two players who scored most on Boxing Night were not the comedians, good as these undoubtedly are this year; but, instead, Miss May de Sousa, a dainty and finished little actress and singer, who has come from America to play Cinderella; and Mr. Harry Fragon, "the Englishman from Paris," who represents the Prince's valet, Dandigny, with an art that depends entirely on delicacy of humour and delicacy of effects. Mr. Fragon, indeed, is going to be a wonderful favourite with London; a singing comedian who warbles French sentimental ditties as sweetly as Mr. Farkoa, but has a distinct comic genius and reminds one of Mr. Fred Leslie, he conquered every heart last Tuesday night in his song "Pour elle," and in a subsequent duet; while his dances, his broken French speeches and his unobtrusive manner won him friends in every part of the theatre.

Finally, the comedians of broader style are very happy this year: Mr. Passmore, subdued but extremely funny as a Baroness; Mr. Arthur Williams dry and droll as the Baron; and Mr. Harry Randall now and again uproariously diverting as a boy in buttons. The fun, in fact, like the pantomime as a whole, is on the right lines; it pleases the children.

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"VIA VITE." "CHRISTUS VINCIT." "CHRISTUS AGONY." (IN PRECIOUS STONES and METALS.) Many Grands Prix. The most wonderful works of Art in the world.—Dore Gallery, 35, New Bond Street, W. 10 to 6. 12.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS.—"Hengler's." Oxford Circus, W.—Daily, 3 and 8. As twice given before the King and Queen and Royal Family at Buckingham Palace. Over 200 Performing Animals. Special Xmas Attractions. Prices, 1s. to 5s. Children half-price to all parts. Box Office 10 to 1s. Tel. 473 Gerrard.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY at 5.45 and 9 p.m. "THE CHARLOTTE," London's latest sensation, at 5.45 and 9 p.m. performances. "CINDERELLA," "Spring Magic," &c. at 6 p.m. performance only. PRICES 6d. to 5 Guineas.

LONDON HIPPODROME. CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 10.15. AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE PRIME
MINISTER'S SPEECH.

(See Supplement.)

While Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech at the Albert Hall last week has roused a great deal of opposition and rebuke, foes must join with friends in admitting that it constituted a singularly clear outline



Photo. Russell.

THE HON. P. J. STANHOPE,
OFFERED A PEERAGE.

of Liberal policy. The programme is one that strikes at the most cherished convictions of the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists; but, after all has been said, it will serve to unite them and to make Parliamentary life more strenuous and more productive of widespread interest than it has been these many years past. The unwieldy Unionist majority acted as a bar to Parliamentary eloquence by rendering it ineffective, but the Parliamentary majority that will assemble in the New Year is likely to be more susceptible to attack by orators of the first class.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has put forward many unpopular propositions with rare courage and determination. In India, we are told, the sacred principle of the subordination of the military to the civil authority will be protected from further invasion; in other words, the Liberals side with Lord Curzon against Lord Kitchener. Continuity will be observed in foreign policy, for Sir Henry has surveyed Lord Lansdowne's work and finds it very good. Germany and Russia are hailed as neighbours, whose acquaintance should be developed into friendship. The Premier went on to remark at the Albert Hall that you must not be content to seek peace, you must also ensue it, and hinted that Great Britain might at the fitting moment place herself at the head of a League of Peace. The over-rated tax-payer may say of this policy: "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre."

Suggestions relating to reductions of naval and military expenditure were followed by the expression of

the speaker's personal conviction that the South African War was responsible for the outcry for Protection, and an invitation to Mr. Chamberlain to turn from the nightmare of taxed corn to the earlier and more innocent dream of three acres and a cow. In dealing with Ireland the Premier's remarks were more subtle than explicit, while as far as education is concerned, his suggestions were calculated to enable Nonconformists to eat their bread in joy and drink their wine with a merry heart. Trade Unionism was flattered, publicans and ground-values were threatened, the last days of John Chinaman's great South African tour were announced, farmers were bidden to be of good cheer, and the Premier assured his hearers, including the hundreds who listened to the speech through the Electrophone Company's instruments, that, since the King had sent for him, the value of Consols had gone up and Ambassadors of really high-class Foreign Powers had been quite polite to his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Sir Henry's long and interesting speech was received with the heartiest approval, and he, together with his colleagues, must have gone to fulfil their Christmas engagements at home with a feeling that they had flattered the doves of Liberal Unionism very effectively, and put the fear of the tax-collector into the heart of the comfortable classes. Happily, or unhappily, according to the reader's settled conviction, it is a far cry from the platform to the Statute Book, and it may be said of popular measures that many are called for and few are chosen.

OUR PORTRAITS. The near approach of the official announcement of the betrothal of the King of Spain and Princess Ena of Battenberg lends additional interest to another Spanish match—that of the Infanta Maria Teresa, only sister of King Alfonso, and Prince Ferdinand

THE LATE MR. HENRY HARLAND,
AUTHOR OF "THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF-BOX."

of Bavaria, which is to be celebrated, it is said, on Jan. 12. The bride and bridegroom are first-cousins, Prince Ferdinand being the eldest son of Prince Louis of Bavaria by his marriage with the Infanta Maria de la Paz of Spain. The Infanta Maria is twenty-three, and, of course, next in succession to the throne of Spain; her future husband was born at Madrid one-and-twenty years ago, and holds a commission *à la suite* in the 2nd Regiment of Bavarian Heavy Cavalry.

The death of Henry Harland at the early age of forty-four was the cause of much regret, not only to the great public who knew him best as the author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," but to that small section of the reading world who remember him as editor of the famous "Yellow Book," to which so many brilliant authors and artists contributed. Mr. Harland was born in St. Petersburg, of American parents, and graduated at Harvard, but his life was essentially cosmopolitan, and Rome and Paris knew him well. His first work was done under the pen-name of "Sidney Luska," and his first novel—one of the last of the three volumes—was "Mea Culpa: a Woman's Last Word." "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" was produced only after much persuasion by Mr. John Lane. "I was born to write short stories," said its author on one occasion. "I have written novels, and precious bad novels they were." The "Yellow Book" came into being ten years or so ago, and was launched to be both lauded and cursed for its unconventionality. Brilliant as it was, it had but a brief existence, and much of the work contained in it only became known upon re-issue in a different guise. Thus it was, for instance, with Mr. Harland's own short stories, published in book form under the titles "Grey Roses" and "Comedies and Errors." Of Mr. Harland's most recent work, neither "The Lady Paramount" nor "My Friend Prospero" had quite the vogue of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," but both met with much success.

The Hon. Philip James Stanhope, M.P. for the Market Harborough Division of Leicestershire, has been offered a peerage. Owing to loss of voice, Mr. Stanhope has been advised that he cannot take part in

a contested election. He is the son of the fifth Earl Stanhope, and was formerly in the Navy.

To Dom Joaquim Arcoverde de Albuquerque Cavalcanti, a Brazilian, has fallen the honour of holding the first South American Cardinalship. The new Prince of the Church owes his elevation not only to the fact that Brazil is of importance in itself, but to his great personal merits. His Eminence was born in the old province of

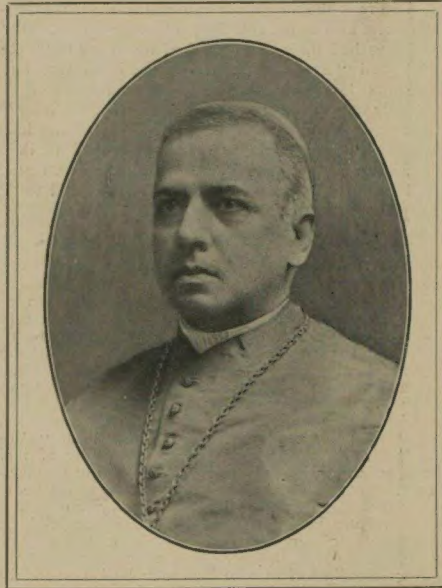


Photo. Mues.

THE NEW BRAZILIAN CARDINAL: HIS EMINENCE DOM
JOAQUIM ARCOVERDE DE A. CAVALCANTI.

Pernambuco in 1850, one of the seven sons of the late Antonio Francisco de Albuquerque Cavalcanti, and pursued a course of theological study at Rome, finishing his University career as Doctor of Philosophy and being ordained Presbyter in 1874. Returning to Brazil two years later, he took charge of the Recife Seminary, of which, soon after, he was appointed Rector. Since then he has been Home Prelate to Pope Leo XIII., the holder of a Chair at the Plinda Cathedral, Archbishop-Suffragan of the See of Bahia, and Bishop of Goyaz. Not long after accepting the last-named position, he retired to the St. Louis College at Itu, San Paulo, but, notwithstanding his desire to continue in retirement, he was induced to accept the Bishopric of Argos, and, later, the chair rendered vacant by the death of Don Joao Esberard, Archbishop of Rio Janeiro.

GENERAL BOOTH'S
FARM SCHEME.

The Back-to-the-Land scheme, of which so much has been written and so much more said, is at last to have a chance of proving its utility or its uselessness. Mr. George Herring, the well-known philanthropist, has handed £100,000 to General Booth, and the head of the Salvation Army is to test his Home Colonisation plans forthwith. So sanguine are the donor and receiver of the gift that it has been arranged that the whole of it shall ultimately be paid in annual instalments of £4000 to the King's Hospital Fund. The

Mr. Herring.



Photo. Park.

GENERAL BOOTH AND MR. GEORGE HERRING.

Mr. George Herring has just given General Booth £100,000 in order to extend his farm-colonies scheme. The money is to be repaid gradually to the King's Hospital Fund.



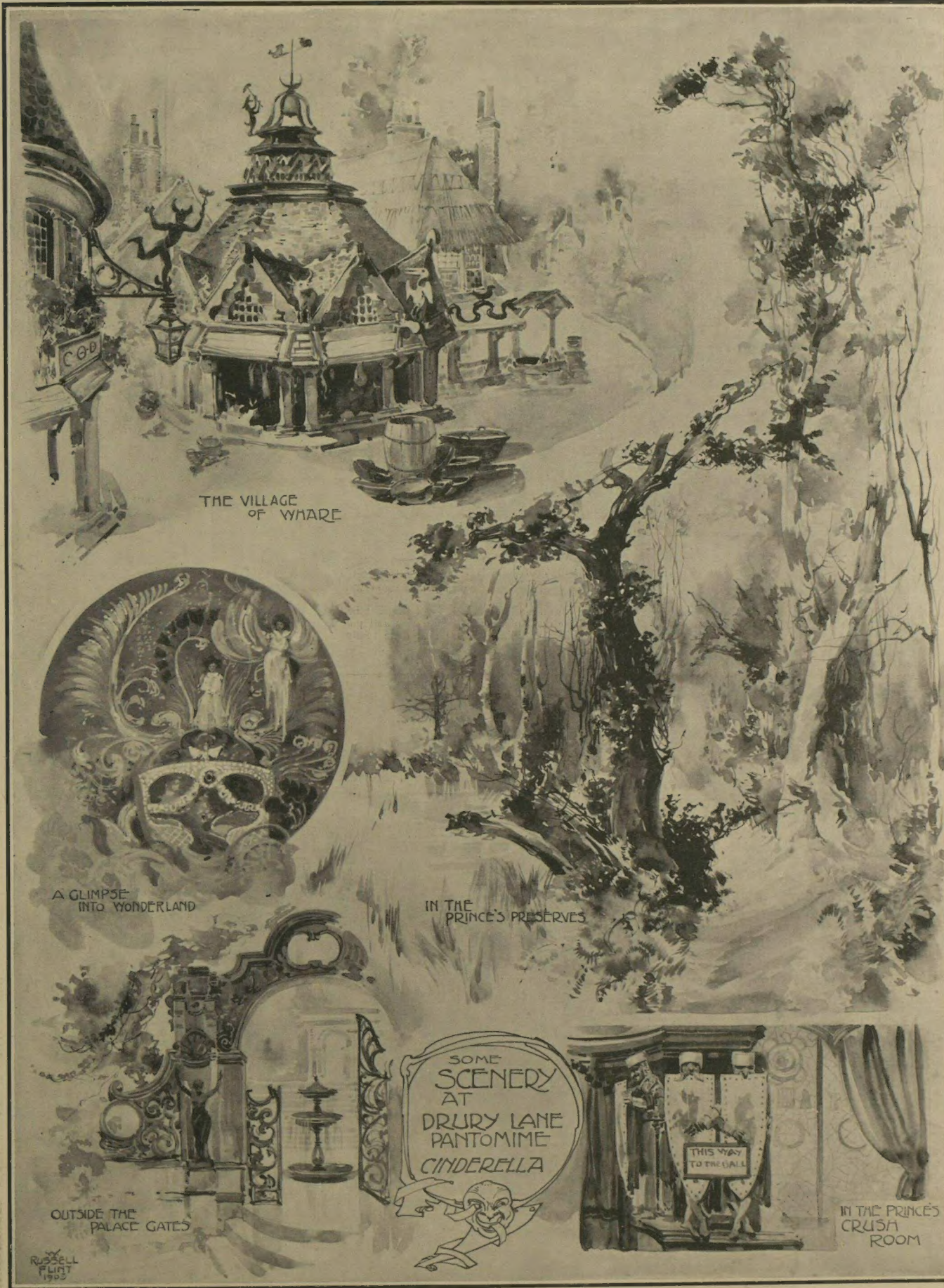
Photo. Franzen.

PRINCE FERDINAND OF BAVARIA AND PRINCESS MARIA
TERESA OF SPAIN.

WEDDING IS ANNOUNCED FOR JANUARY 12.

PANTOMIME AT THE NATIONAL PLAYHOUSE.

SKETCHES BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



STAGE-PICTURES FROM "CINDERELLA," AT DRURY LANE.

Boxing Day, as usual, saw the production of the pantomime. This year the story is "Cinderella," and the piece is one of the prettiest ever seen at Drury Lane.

precise method it is intended to pursue is as follows: Agricultural labourers are to be provided with seeds, tools, and the means of living until the holdings allotted them yield a return. They are then to pay back gradually the money expended on them, with the result, it is hoped, that in forty years they will own their holdings, each of which is to consist of five acres, or thereabouts. The settler will probably be charged 3 per cent. on the entire amount he has cost the fund, 1½ per cent. for a sinking fund, and 2 per cent. for expenses of management.

RECENT HAPPENINGS.

In the past week we

have seen the publication of a request of considerable moment and significance which was addressed last month by the Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth to the Secretary of the Imperial Defence Committee. Mr. Deakin cabled that the Government of Australia desire to submit to Parliament a general scheme for the defence of the ports of the Commonwealth adapted to any attacking force that may be reasonably expected. Details of the general lines of procedure and expenditure proposed by Government followed, and from these it appears that the Committee was asked to select the ports in need of defence, to fix a standard of defence, and suggest the best local defence of each. Before the Unionist Government retired from office, Mr. Lyttelton announced to the Australian Premier the Defence Committee's acceptance of the invitation. In his speech last week at Melbourne, proroguing the Federal Parliament, Lord Northcote, the Governor-

General, referred to Mr. Deakin's request and the Committee's response with very proper pleasure. Imperialists of every shade of political faith will welcome

able to attend to the defence of her chief ports. If competent observers are justified of their faith, and Australasia will move very rapidly in the next few years, and while he may be thrice armed who hath his quarrel just, he is still better armed who has enjoyed the advice of the Imperial Defence Committee, and has followed it.

Friday, Dec. 22, saw ANARCHY IN MOSCOW.

The beginning of the most serious disturbance that has hitherto marked the progress of the Russian Revolution. An attempt was made by the revolutionaries to set up a Provisional Government, but their headquarters, a schoolhouse, was surrounded by troops, who gave the party an hour to surrender. Five minutes before the time expired the reformers fired upon the soldiers, who brought up artillery and reduced the place after hard fighting. Several of the leaders were killed, others were taken prisoners, and others fled. At the same time an attempt was made to seize the Nicholas Railway Station, and there was fierce fighting in the streets, which were barricaded with tram-cars, telegraph-poles, and wire entanglements, arranged, it is said, by persons with some knowledge of military science. It is believed that the military ultimately had the best of the struggle, but the casualties are estimated at 15,000. Very little news has been permitted to come through, and messages from St. Petersburg to London were sent by way of Odessa. Special detachments of troops have been sent to subdue the Baltic provinces.



INCIDENTS OF THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO BIKANIR: A NIHANG SIKH, OR FIGHTING PRIEST, AND BALUCHIS WATCHING THE MARCH PAST OF THE BIKANIR CAMEL CORPS.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

the Commonwealth's action. It is of the first importance in these days of shifting boundaries and political surprises that Australia should be at once ready and

through, and messages from St. Petersburg to London were sent by way of Odessa. Special detachments of troops have been sent to subdue the Baltic provinces.

The Maharajah of Bikanir.



THE PRINCE'S WELCOME TO BIKANIR: A GROUP OF RAJPUTS, SIRDARS, AND OTHERS AT BIKANIR RAILWAY STATION.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

THE FIRST ROYAL VISIT TO THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

DRAWN BY S. HEDG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

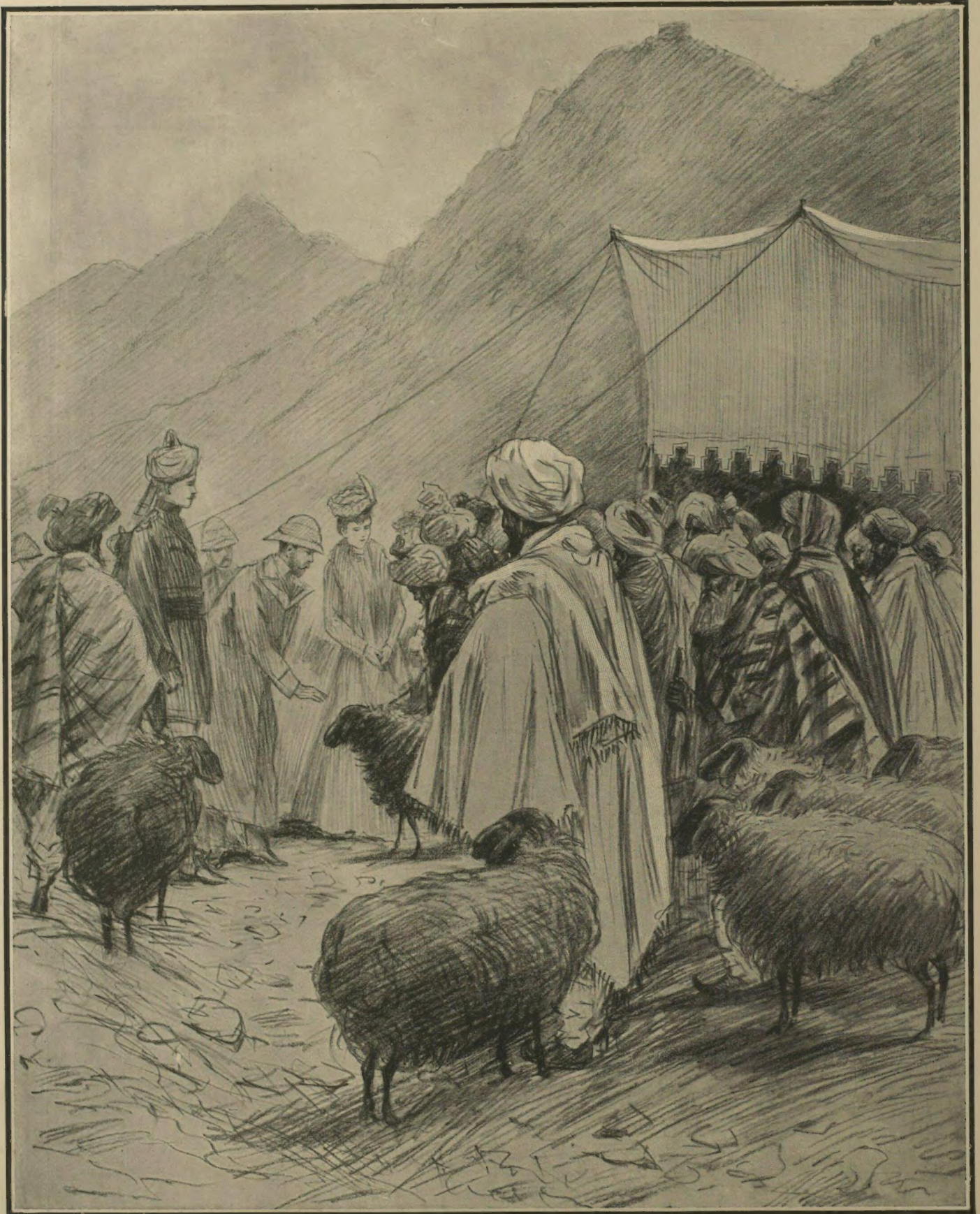


THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN THE KHYBER PASS.

The visit to the north-western gateway of the Indian Empire was the first ever paid by members of the royal family. In the distance is Fort Ali Musjid, famous in our Afghan campaigns.

THE AFRIDIS' TRIBUTE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

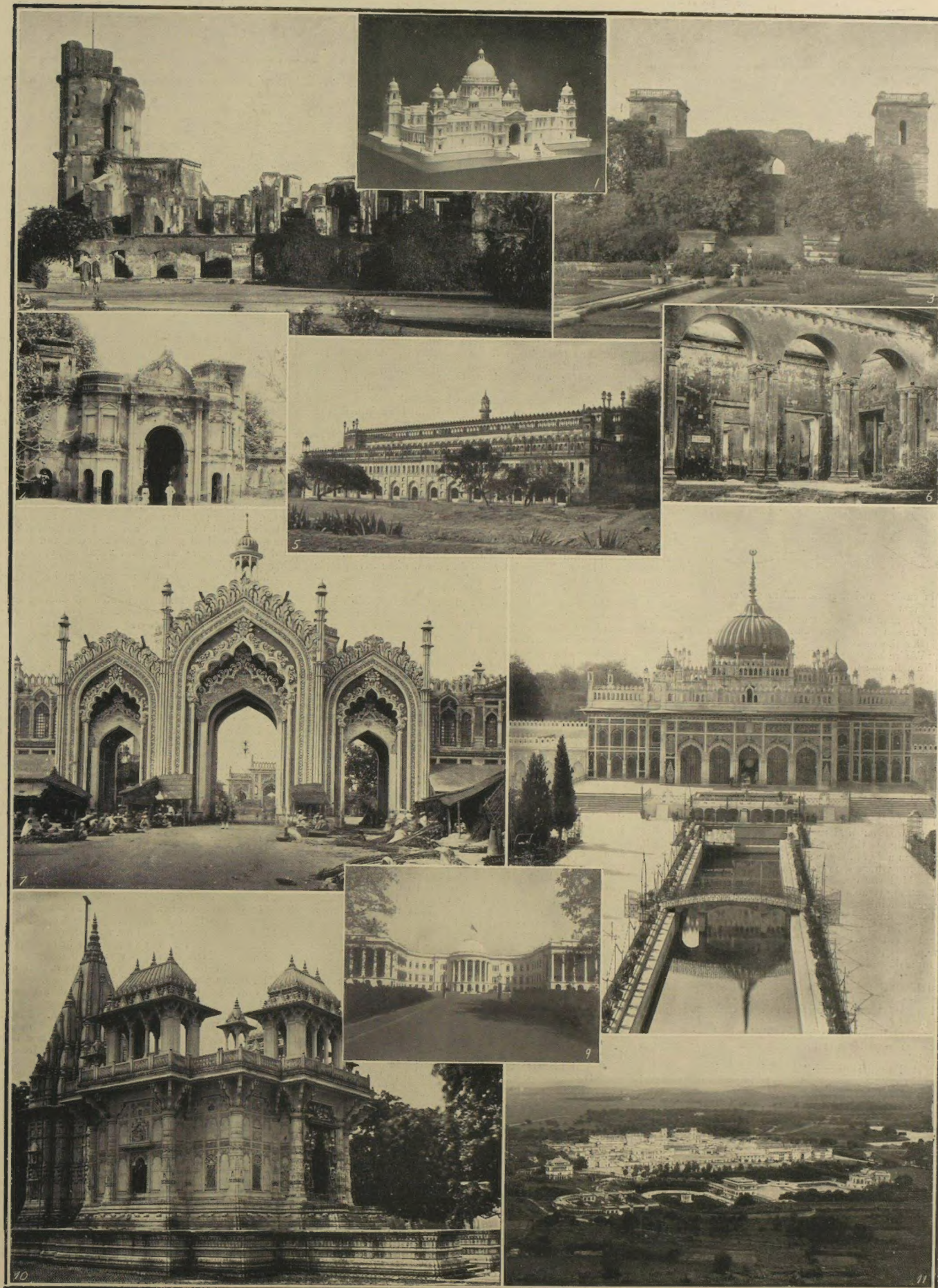


TRIBUTE IN KIND: OFFERING THE EMPEROR'S SON HONEY AND SHEEP.

MR. BEGG WRITES: "The six principal maliks, or headmen, of the Afridi tribes (who can muster 25,000 fighting-men) brought in as offerings honey and twelve sheep. These represented in primitive form the nazars of gold coins which are presented by Indian chiefs at durbars. The Prince and Princess accepted the honey, but the sheep, in official phraseology, were 'touched and remitted.' With the Prince is Major Ross-Koppel, the 'King of the Khyber.'"

THE PRINCE AT LUCKNOW, GWALIOR, AND CALCUTTA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVEY, JOHNSTON AND HOFFMANN, THE EXCLUSIVE NEWS AGENCY, BOURNE AND SHEPHERD, AND DR. RUTTER.



1. THE MODEL OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL, CALCUTTA, OF WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES IS TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONE.

2. A RELIC OF THE MUTINY: THE RESIDENCY AT LUCKNOW.

3. ANOTHER MUTINY RELIC: THE PALACE OF DILKUSHA, LUCKNOW.

4. DR. FAYRER'S HOUSE AT LUCKNOW.

5. THE GREAT IMMAMBARA AT LUCKNOW.

6. A SCENE OF ONE OF THE FIERCEST FIGHTS OF THE MUTINY: THE SECUNDRA BAGH.

7. THE GATE OF HOOSUNABAD.

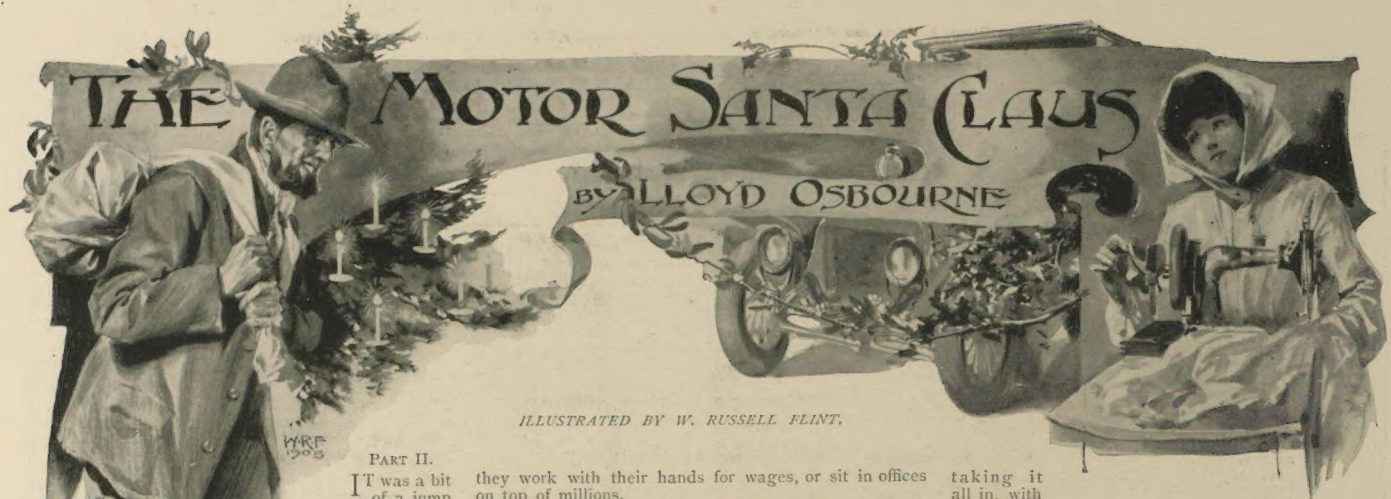
8. THE HOOSUNABAD IMMAMBARA, LUCKNOW.

9. GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

10. THE TOMB OF THE SCINDIAS AT GWALIOR.

11. THE PALACE OF GWALIOR FROM THE FORT.

In Dr. Fayer's house the English ladies and children were sheltered during the Mutiny. The Imambara has the largest arched roof without supports in the world. It was built as a relief work during famine.



ILLUSTRATED BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

PART II.

IT was a bit of a jump to get back to Thompson's place again, and I never saw so disgusted a look as passed across Captain Kit's face!

Then the door opened, and a gentleman came in, followed by a lady. He was a splendid-looking chap in a furry coat, and the lady too was all swaddled

up in sables, and the snowflakes glistened and ran all over them both.

"Our automobile is stuck in the snow," he says; "and we should be more than grateful if you could take us in for the night."

"We're only poor folks, Sir," says I, rising; "but you're welcome to the best we has."

He gave me a keen look like he wanted to assure himself as to the character of the place. It seemed to be satisfactory, as I could tell by the tone he went on speaking with.

"Lend me a hand with the car," he says, "and perhaps by shovelling we might manage to put it into one of your barns." Then he turned to the lady, so loving and solicitous that they might have been bride and groom. She was about twenty-five, and tall and slim, and beautiful, with yaller-gold hair, and a face one couldn't keep one's eyes from! Molly drew her up to the stove, for she was shivering cold for all her splendid furs, and took her hands and warmed them in her own, while we men went out and tussled with that hell-wagon. It was the biggest thing of the kind I ever saw, but it might have been a fly in fly-paper for all the good it could make of its forty horse-power. The wheels went round all right—My! you couldn't see the spokes even—but they had nothing to hold to, and Mr. Brander Pym (that was the gentleman's name), told me that for the last mile he had been digging a track for it with a board he had copped off a fence!

"I wonder you ever dared try such a thing at this time of year," says I. "There's been snow in the air for three days past."

"It was a fool business altogether," he says, very genial. "But I haven't been married very long—in fact, five days—and my wife's heart was set on it—and what's more, she wouldn't hear of me taking my man!"

"Wives have to be humoured," says I. "It's the price we pay for the love and comfort they bring a man!"

"Ha! a philosopher?" says Mr. Brander Pym.

"No, only a roofer," says I, laying on to the shovel with a will.

It was tedious work getting that locomotive into the round-house; and once it took a jump and leaped six feet high, and nearly landed me under the cow-catcher! Mr. Pym, he worked as hard as me, for all his grand manners and princely ways, and I warned to him for it. I like a man who's a man, whether he's forty times a millionaire, and Mr. Pym put his back into it good, and hustled for the big end. We were all quite jolly and acquainted by the time we had run the automobile under shelter; and all three of us went back to the house, stamping to shake the snow off us, and coming in all of a glow, carrying a ton of wraps from the car. Mrs. Brander Pym had her furs off, and was all nicely toasted and happy, and it seemed to me she looked more beautiful than before. She and Molly had made friends, too, and was smiling in each other's faces, and it came over me kind of strange to think of us fraternising with such grand people, and enormously rich and splendid. Not that I forgot my place, of course. If there's one thing a man learns at sea it is respect; but one can be very friendly and all that, and yet not cross the batten. And the Brander Pym was people of such high position that they had respect, too—for me and Molly—and it was all like gentlemen everywhere, no matter whether

they work with their hands for wages, or sit in offices on top of millions.

"Friend Mygatt," says Mr. Brander Pym, as we all sat sociable around the stove, "judging by present appearances, we shall have to be your guests to-morrow as well as to-night—and the question is, Have you got enough to feed us?"

"We're provisioned for three months," says I, "in beans, salt pork, salt horse, butter, flour, tinned milk and coffee, and manavalins laid in wholesale."

He looked kind of surprised till I explained the situation—about the strike and all that.

"Then you are birds of passage too?" says he.

"That's what we are, Mr. Pym," says I.

"Friend Mygatt," says he, "you're a brave and sensible man, and I wish you all luck out of your troubles!"

Kit acted shy, and kept out of range, rocking in his little chair in the shadow—though he had his ears wide open, and was taking it all in. After we had made up a bed for the Pym's out of their coats and wraps, and wished them good-night, Kit he snuggled up to me very confidential for the little talk he was busting with.

"Danny," says he, "I didn't know there were people like that in the whole world."

"No?" says I, to lead him on.

"But so noble, and handsome and splendid," he went on. "She makes me think of bygone queens that men have died for, to whom a rose from her hair or a ribbon off her neck was more than all the honours that kings could grant. When I was looking at her to-night it seemed as though she was making all history live for me!"

"Did she, old man?" says I.

"And I like him just as much," says he, meaning Mr. Brander Pym. "My, Dan, but don't his eyes flash as he talks, and every word he says rings out like a bell! He knows he's oceans above us, and this little place must seem to him as shabby and poor as Pitcher's Alley, and yet he acts like it was a palace, and we princes, too!"

"He's a gentleman, Kit," says I. "And the word's commoner than the article."

"He's more than that," says Kit, reflecting. "He's—he's what I'd call a great gentleman, Danny!"

"He's old for his wife, ain't he?" says I. "Being somewhere along forty, I reckon, while she's hardly more nor a girl."

"A gentleman like that—a great gentleman—is never old," says Kit, almost scandalised at my liberty. "He stands apart from the common herd as a king might, and so dazzling and glorious that it seems a privilege just to be near him!"

"That's right," says I.

"And Danny," says he, putting his mouth up close to my ear. "You and Molly mustn't tell him that I'm a—well, anything but what I look—!"

"I understand," says I, nodding. "Quite so, Kit!"

"I couldn't bear her to think I was—a—" He couldn't bring out the word dwarf. I could feel it sticking in his throat like a lump.

"I'll see to it, Kit," says I, feeling a kind of a lump too.

"And likewise Molly," he says pleadingly.

"Don't you worry about neither of us," I says, and ordered him to turn in, which he did most sorrowful, and his little face all bunged up.

The next day was Christmas Eve, and a mighty snowy, wild day it was too, with the wind whistling through the broken windows of Thompson's place till it made you feel like you was at sea, and had better shorten sail—and that quick. Mr. Brander Pym he went out and took a good look to windward, saying when he came back that the red devil was stalled for to-day, if not for to-morrow as well. I heard him talking to his wife about it, proposing to get a farmer's sleigh, and both drive in to Halstead, but she answered—"No, my love, I am happier here; truly I am!" And then he went on, evidently pointing out poor and common Thompson's place was for one like her, accustomed to every luxury. And again she says "No," and began to run on about me and Molly, and how love was the only thing in the world after all, and how her whole heart went out—I didn't stay to hear more, being ashamed that it was as much. We had the jolliest breakfast together, and I'm blessed afterwards if Mrs. Brander Pym she didn't jump up, and insist on helping Molly wash the dishes, rolling up her sleeves on the whitest, plumpest arms you ever saw. And Mr. Pym he sat smoking his cigar and

taking it all in, with a beaming kind of

look like he was saying to himself: "Ain't she a thoroughbred! Ain't I a lucky man to have such a wife! Ain't she the handsomest and sweetest thing that ever stepped!" And in my humble judgment I reckon that perhaps she was. Then we went out, he and I, and cut firewood, Mr. Pym taking off his coat and handling an axe fine, Mrs. Pym watching him from the window, and smiling with all her pearly teeth. My, but he was a thoroughbred too, and six foot of perfect gentleman. I don't know how I got it into my head, but it seemed that he and Mrs. Pym had been sweethearts for years, with something hopelessly separating them that had only lately rolled away and made their marriage possible. Millionaires have romances, I suppose, just like other people, and run into snags too, for all their money. In their remarks they was always referring back to a time when they had given each other up, and had said good-bye for ever. They both acted anxious that the other shouldn't forget it.

After dinner Mr. Pym announced that he was going along to Johnson's farm to hire a rig and drive into Halstead. Mrs. Pym wanted to go too, but he wouldn't hear of it, saying it was too cold and too far. Then they said good-bye, like it was for the last time all over again, and as she saw him walking down the snowy road she burst out crying. My, but she was fond of Mr. Brander Pym, and as for him, he simply idolised her! After moping a while she seemed to get ashamed of how she was carrying on, and up she comes to Molly, putting her arm round her, and begging her pardon with a kiss. Then they went into one of the empty rooms to dress the Christmas-tree out of sight of Kit. Lucky for us, we had the whole outfit from last year—excepting the presents, of course—with coloured candles to spare, and all the glass balls and tinsel put away careful, though the mice had gnawn the Dutch angel considerable.

The afternoon wore away like every other, and what with the still-falling snow, night came on even earlier than usual. The weather got worse than ever, till it was blowing a full gale out of the N.N.E., and sometimes the crazy old house would shake like it had shipped a green sea over the bows. Yes, a regular Christmas buster, and mighty glad I was not to be off the Horn, like I was once, pulling frozen ropes or passing the weather ear-ring on the maintop's yard. Mrs. Pym bore up pretty well till seven o'clock, when Molly spread supper, and I brought out the Christmas-tree for Kit's benefit. Not that I meant to light it till Mr. Pym got back, but just to kind of cheer up Kit, who was awfully down in the mouth and miserable. It was precious little supper any of us ate, for Mrs. Pym was crying all over the place, saying her husband was lost in the snow, and oh, my God! I went up to Johnson's with a lantern, and found them worried too, for Harry Johnson had taken in Mr. Pym hours before, and the night was something fierce.

Eight o'clock came. Nine o'clock. Ten. Mrs. Pym put on her splendid furs and walked up and down the front porch in a fever, her golden hair flying and lashing under her leather cap. I took another trip to Johnson's, and still there wasn't no sign of Mr. Pym. Then I suppose it kind of came over her that she was spoiling our evening, for she came in, as pale as death, to say how we was to go ahead with the Christmas-tree and light up. She put her arm around Kit, who was rocking very woebegone in his little chair, and says something about the happiness of children and how it must always be our first thought. But neither Kit nor any of us was in the humour for making merry, and he said, "No, let's wait for Mr. Pym—I wouldn't enjoy it without Mr. Pym," till the tears ran down Mrs. Pym's face. The Lord only knows how long we waited, and though I'm not a man to borrow trouble usually, I began to get pretty well worked up, and was on the point of going back to Johnson's a third time to talk about a search-party.

We were all down in the dumps, and bluer than blue, when suddenly we heard the ring of voices outside and Mr. Pym saying, "Oh, my precious darling!" And in he tramped, with his arm around his wife, with Harry Johnson behind them lugging in a hamper and an immense sort of crate done up in sacking. They had had an awful time, them two, getting spilled in a snowdrift and having to walk miles for help, and then losing their way in the storm. Mr. Pym was in a tremendous good humour, and he roared with laughter about his mishaps and what Harry said to him and what

[Continued overleaf]

THE GREATEST PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPIST OF HIS TIME: GENERAL BOOTH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MILLS.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF GENERAL BOOTH.

General Booth, who was born in 1829 at Nottingham, entered the ministry of the Methodist New Connexion in 1850. In 1885, while travelling through the East End of London, he was so profoundly impressed with its misery that he began, under the name of the Christian Mission, the organisation which has since become known as the Salvation Army. Of General Booth's Farm Colonies, in which work he has just been assisted by Mr. George Herring with £100,000, we give a description in our next issue.

he said to Harry, like it was the best joke you ever heard. There was a turkey in the hamper, and ice-cream, and lobster and dressing, and all sorts of good things, including wines, which he turns over to Molly to get out for all hands. The crate affair was a success, and M. Brander Pym was the only person who had met Santa Claus, and how the old feller had handed out the crate, wanting it to Kit that very night. Kit was sort of opening it, with everybody looking at him, and he did

Brander Pym came him so kind, with a look that said: Ain't I a beauty!

He was a big fellow, and he had a head on him like a collar.

He was a big fellow, and he had a head on him like a collar.

He was a big fellow, and he had a head on him like a collar.

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Then Mrs. Pym came back, leading Kit by the hand, and we all pretended not to notice his distress, bustling about getting the supper ready.

"Brander," says Mrs. Pym, "Mr. Kit and I have had a talk, and I want him to show you his books!" Mr. Pym he gave her a look like he had been detected robbing his mother, and says, "I should be delighted to see them, dearest." And while Kit went into the next room to get them, she whispered and whispered into her husband's ear, me and Molly rattling the dishes and exclaiming over the turkey so as to escape hearing what they was saying. Kit brought back a stack of books

Then, when it was all over, Mr. Brander Pym he laid his elbows on the table, and looked down at Kit with his strong, keen, handsome face.

"Mr. Kit," he says, "what is it you'd like most in the world?"

Kit got whiter than ever, and mumbled out something about the world's best literature in ten volumes.

"Pooh," says Mr. Brander Pym, "a man of your intellect, Mr. Kit, sets his hopes higher than that!"

Again Kit thought a long while.

"Don't be afraid to say it, Kit," says Mrs. Brander Pym, in that honey-sweet voice of hers.

Kit blurted out a piano for Molly.

"Try again," says Mr. Pym, almost cross. "A young man who's accomplished what you have, and against such tremendous odds, tells himself of bigger prizes in life than a mere piano!"

"If only I could go to college—" says Kit, shivering on the word like he was terrified at his own presumption.

Mr. Brander Pym brought down his fist on the table till the glasses rang.

"That was what I was waiting for," he burst out, like it was the best news he ever heard; "and, Mr. Kit, you shall go to college—any one of them you like to choose—and I'm proud to be the means of sending you there!"

Poor Kit didn't know how to answer, and perhaps he couldn't. He simply sat and looked in front of him, like he saw the college doors opening, and one big tear rolled down his cheek.

"And you, friend Dan," says Mr. Brander Pym, looking at me with those splendid flashing eyes of his, "you shall build the *Santa Maria* for me, and I shall pay you five hundred dollars for her, the half of it in advance! And when she's off the stocks I want the *Mayflower*, too, at the same price!"

I was as much knocked out as Kit, and couldn't say "Thank you," or anything.

"And you, my dear sweet Molly," says Mrs. Brander Pym, "so loving, so gay, so tender and kind, you are going to keep this as a pledge of the prettiest little rosewood piano you ever saw!" And off she pulls her superb diamond locket, and clicks it on

Molly's neck. "And when you're playing it," says she, very soft, "perhaps you'll remember the friends you've taught to love you!"

And there we was, all three of us, stuck dumb, not being able to do nothing but pinch ourselves to see if it was true—when we began to hear the cannons booming above the gale, and the churchbells ringing, and the whistles whistling—very faint, but plain—in Halstead seven miles away.

Mr. Pym he draws out his magnificent watch and lays it on the table.

"Midnight!" says he, and then he rises and goes over to his wife, and kisses her before us all.

"God bless you, my heart's love," he says; and then turning to us he adds—"Merry Christmas, everybody!"

THE END.



Molly took her hands and warmed them in her own.

and forced the truth right out of her.

When Mrs. Pym heard it she flew after Kit like a whirlwind, never minding the storm or anything, while Mr. Pym he sat down on a chair, and says, "Oh, my God, what have I done!" If he had lost a million dollars he couldn't have been more put out about it. Of course, he had acted awful generous, and it was our fault entirely for not telling him, and the horse must have stood him in all of forty dollars; but he couldn't see it that way at all. He went on about it terrible, stamping around the room and clenching his fists. He goes up to the rocking-horse like he was mad, and says, "Let's hide the damned thing." Which he and I did, in one of the rooms.

bigger nor he was, laying them on the table for Mr. Pym to look at. This he did very careful and slow, gazing at Kit as though he was more and more impressed with every one he opened. He began with a German book, asking Kit to translate a piece of it, which Kit did triumphant, though his voice trembled. Then he tried a French book, and Kit again knocked him silly. Then he opened one of the electrical text-books and asked Kit some questions, saying, under his breath, "Great Scott, the boy's a wonder!" Kit was very pale, like his whole life depended on it, and the way he rattled off answers, and explained diagrams with his fore-finger, was a caution. All the time Mr. Brander Pym kept glancing at Mrs. Brander Pym, and Mrs. Brander Pym back to Mr. Brander Pym like they couldn't believe their ears.

GENERAL BOOTH'S FARM COLONY SCHEME AT HADLEIGH, IN ESSEX, AND ITS BENEFACTOR, MR. GEORGE HERRING.



1. BEEHIVES IN THE ORCHARD AT HADLEIGH.
2. CUTTING AND PACKING SEA-KALE FOR THE MARKET.
3. THE VEGETABLE STOCKYARD AND THE BEETROOT GRANARY.

4. THE APPLE ORCHARD IN BLOSSOM.
5. THE GREAT BRICK-MAKING MACHINE.
6. IN THE COLONY GROUNDS: HADLEIGH CASTLE ON THE RIGHT. THE MODERN PIGGERS, WITH PRIZE PIGS.

8. SHEPHERD WITH THIS YEAR'S LAMBS.
9. THIS YEAR'S HAY CROP IN THE YARD.
10. THE DORMITORIES FOR COLONISTS.
11. THE APPLE ORCHARD FROM CASTLE HILL.
12. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE POULTRY-FARM.

13. A FLOCK OF GESE NEAR BRIGADIER LUFFA'S HOUSE.
14. A GROUP OF PRIZE FOWLS.
15. MR. GEORGE HERRING, GIVER OF THE SCHEME.

NOWHERE'S CHRISTMAS: A MOVABLE FEAST.

DESIGNED BY EDWARD CREPP.



CHRISTMAS ON A RESTAURANT-CAR.

On the Continental railways Christmas is kept as far as possible as if the passengers were at home. Not even the Christmas-tree is omitted from the celebration. It has at least this merit of novelty, that no moment of the feast is spent in the same place as that which preceded it.

THE HUNTING-FIELD TRANSFORMED BY THE MOTOR-CAR.

DRAWN BY L. SABATIER.



A CHRISTMAS MOTOR-MEET IN FRANCE.

Where the horse was once supreme wheels and petrol now assert themselves. In France many people, instead of following the hounds on horseback, come to the meet on their cars. When the hounds have thrown up the motorists follow the hunt as closely as the roads permit.



LOCKING UP THE TOWER: THE PICTURESQUE NIGHTLY CEREMONY IN THE CITADEL OF LONDON.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

After the Tower has been locked up for the night the Yeoman Porter and the Yeoman Warders halt before the Lieutenant's lodgings. The Lieutenant appears and challenges with "Halt, who goes there?" and the following dialogue ensues: "Keys"; "Whose keys?"; "The King's keys"; "Pass keys, and all's well; God save the King." Whereat the guard says "Amen," and the boys are left with the Lieutenant for the night.

BONES OF OUR ANCESTORS: THE WONDERFUL SKELETONS OF PREHISTORIC MONSTERS AT THE BRUSSELS MUSEUM



SKELETONS OF IGUANODONS, AS EMBEDDED IN ROCK



SKELETONS OF THE OLD "MEUSE-LIZARDS."

Those of our readers who have visited the Natural History Museum at Brussels cannot but have remarked the great overcrowding which was everywhere manifest, and this must have been especially obvious to those who are familiar with our own Natural History Museum in London. But we must look to our laurels, for the "powers that be" in Brussels have just relieved the congested state of their Museum by the addition of five spacious halls, each of which is devoted to the illustration of some important phase in the history of the animal life of this planet.

Without doubt, the most attractive of these will be the Great Hall, which contains the world-famous collection of colossal reptiles known as Iguanodons: savants from all corners of the earth make at least one pilgrimage of homage to these remains. No less than twenty-two complete skeletons of these extraordinary creatures were discovered, lying within a radius of a few yards, when digging for coal at Bernissart, some five-and-twenty years ago. Bipedal, and standing some eighteen feet high, the seven skeletons displayed in this museum make an imposing and awe-inspiring show. But, besides these, other skeletons have been arranged so as to represent the actual positions in which they were discovered, as shown here.

In our own Natural History Museum in London a replica of one of these mounted skeletons may be seen; and this possesses an added interest, inasmuch as remains of these huge creatures have been obtained in the Isle of Wight and elsewhere in this country, but in no case has a complete skeleton yet been found in these islands. This creature derives its name from the jagged edges of the teeth, which recall those of the living Iguana lizard.

SKELETON OF A GIANT TURTLE FROM THE YELLOW CHALK
OF MAASTRICHT.

Another of these halls contains, among other things, a really fine collection of the large extinct vertebrates, such as the Mammoth and Rhinoceros, and the Great Bison.

In the matter of mounting skeletons, the authorities, we believe, claim some originality. Thus they make a special feature of the fact that many are artificially embedded so as to reproduce the state in which they were found—such as may be seen, for example, in the skeleton of the giant turtle, *Chelone hoffmanni*, from the yellow chalk of Maastricht, Holland, and in the four great skeletons of the Iguanodon; but it is seriously open to question whether this plan has anything to commend it: the waste of floor-space in the case of the Iguanodon is enormous.

The superb skeletons of the old "Meuse-lizard"—the Mosasaurians of the scientist—obtained from the chalk of Maastricht in the valley of the Meuse, have been laboriously extracted from the rock in which they were embedded and put together once again. This has been done, not, as in the British Museum, by supporting the bones on standards fixed to the floor of the case, but by suspending them on wires from the roof thereof, after the fashion adopted in the windows of milliners' shops in this country! Here again we see no advantage, but many defects.

These ancient lizards are of remarkable interest, having, like the old fish-lizards and the modern whales, become exclusively adapted to an aquatic life; and in consequence the limbs have become changed into paddles, while the body has become greatly elongated, attaining a length of between fifteen and sixteen feet, made up by a backbone containing no less than one hundred and thirty vertebrae!—W. P. P.



SKELETONS OF SEVEN IGUANODONS.



SKELETONS OF FOSSIL OXEN, RHINOCEROS, AND MAMMOTH.

CHRISTMAS IN POLAND: THE STORK AS CAROL-SINGER.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DE JANKOWSKI.



A CURIOUS CHRISTMAS CEREMONY IN A POLISH VILLAGE.

In commemoration of the legend that tells how the birds and beasts of the field came to worship the Infant Jesus, the young Polish peasants dress up as various creatures, such as the stork and the bear, and go round the houses singing the traditional carols. They are paid with gifts of cakes and sausages. The same ceremony is practiced also during the Carnival.

MR. ASQUITH. MRS. ASQUITH. LORD ELLEN. MR. JOHN BURNS. LORD CARRINGTON. MR. H. GRADSTONE.

SIR J. KIRTON. MR. BAYCE. MR. BARNES. MRS. BENTON.



MR. DICKINSON (CHAIRMAN).

LORD CHANCELLOR.

LADY CREWE.

LORD CREWE.

LORD ANDERSEN.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S FIRST GREAT PUBLIC SPEECH: THE ALBERT HALL MEETING RECEIVING THE ANNOUNCEMENT REGARDING CHINESE LABOUR.

DRAWN BY H. H. FÉRE.

"One conclusion his Majesty's Government has arrived at, and it is this: To stop forthwith, so far as it is practicable to do it forthwith, the recruitment and embarkation of coolies in China and their importation into South Africa, and instructions have been given to that effect."



OSTRICH VERSUS HORSE: A TROTTING MATCH IN AMERICA.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOPKOEK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROS., NEW YORK.

In this curious contest the bird made a sticky race, but was eventually beaten by the horse.



UNDER THE GUARD OF THE IRON: THE REIGN OF TERROR ON THE ROUMANIAN FRONTIER.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOPKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY RICHARD CARNEGIE.

The residents of Russian Ungheni (there is a Roumanian Ungheni) are in great fear of the town's being devastated by some of the criminal bands who are turning the revolution to their own purposes of depredation. They do not trust the military guards. As the attacks are generally made first on the Jews, the Christians place their icons (sacred pictures) and lamps on their gates and windows as a sign that the houses belong to true believers.

"GO TO THE ANT": ITS WONDERFUL POWERS AND WAYS.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE CHARLES URBAN TRADING COMPANY, LIMITED.



1. THE ANT AS ATLAS: LIFTING A GLOBE, EIGHT HUNDRED TIMES ITS OWN WEIGHT.

One of the ant's greatest feats is to act the part of a modern Atlas, and bear the weight of the globe, not upon its shoulders, but grasped in its jaws.

2. AN ANT DRAGGING THIRTEEN HUNDRED TIMES ITS OWN WEIGHT.

Having shown itself a champion weight-lifter, the ant proceeds to display its pulling powers by drawing a silver coach towards its nest. It occasionally eases its toil by going from side to side like a horse going up hill.

3. ANTS' WARFARE: FIGHTING AND CAPTURING CATERPILLARS.

The wood-ants constantly make war upon caterpillars, climb trees in search of them, and always get the better of their opponents. The caterpillar makes a good fight and may slay one or two of its enemies, but in the end it is always killed, and carried off to the nest.

4. THE ANT LIFTING FIVE HUNDRED TIMES ITS OWN WEIGHT.

The ant can grasp within its jaws a half-sovereign and hold it firmly while hanging by one leg from a pair of micro-forceps, as shown in No. 7.

5. THE ANT'S DELIGHT IN HONEY.

Ants are particularly fond of sweet things, and will travel a long way from the nest in search of sugar or the nectar of flowers; but honey they adore, and when they get the chance they gorge themselves with it.

6. A BATTLE ROYAL FOR SUGAR.

The ants are the Japanese of the insect world, and will fight to death for the freedom of their nest. At the call to arms they assemble quickly, and put all their powers into the struggle. The photograph shows a fight between two parties for a lump of sugar.

7. SUPPORTING THE HALF-SOVEREIGN: THE SECOND PART OF THE TRICK.

In the fourth picture the ant was shown preparing to grasp a half-sovereign. Here it is supporting it in mid-air while it hangs by one leg from a pair of micro-forceps.

These pictures are being shown at the Alhambra on the Urban Bioscope in "The Empire of the Ants," by Professor F. Martin Duncan, assisted by Miss Grace Burns.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAULS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The season of the winter solstice has long been thought appropriate to ghost-story telling. It must have been so in Iceland, some nine centuries ago, when the wicked thrall, Glam, refused to fast on Christmas Eve, and *Something* came for Glam and carried him bodily away, while marks of an extraordinary struggle were left in the snow. There were the human footprints of Glam, and there were other marks of a being whose feet were in size and shape like the bottom of a barrel. Then Glam's body was found, "as big as a neat's, and as blue as death." Thereafter Glam used to ride the ridge of the roof, kicking with his heels as if spurring a horse. An audience listening to ghost-stories round the fire, while Glam lent noisy corroboration by his kicks, was an audience in the proper frame of mind, especially as Glam used to come in when all were abed and play his pranks.

These were indeed the days of "The Tyranny of the Dark," which also is the name of a novel by Mr. Hamlin Garland, published by Messrs. Harpers. I turned to it, expecting to find a modern equivalent for Glam, but "the old is better." The tale concerns the loves of a bacteriologist and a very pretty medium, but the course of their true love does not run smooth. The British philologist who studies the narrative is detained by his interest in Western modifications of the language in which Milton sang and Emerson spoke. It is not so much the language of the narrator, as the speech of his characters that interests the student. The bacteriologist first met the medium in a lonely place among the hills. "The moment of meeting, accidental and fleeting, had already become a most beautiful climax of his pilgrimage."

"She was born of the sunset, she does not really exist," he said, with unwonted warmth of phrase. "How could this little mining town produce so exquisite a flower?" All this is classical in style, though one does think the tone rather "warm" and poetical for a bacteriologist of a cold, sceptical, scientific character. Sir Oliver Lodge might talk in that way, if he met a pretty girl on a hillside (I hasten to say that I think few things more improbable), but quite certainly Professor Ray Lankester would not do so. Dr. Janet has pointed out that nobody falls in love except when he is not in good condition, not quite fit. The bacteriologist must have been rather "below himself," so to speak, at this moment. His friend, Dr. Britt, though suffering from bacteria, talks in a more Western way. "I'm mighty glad to meet up with you," he says; and we see that the prepositions "up with" are the result of Western energy. It would not have suited Burns.

Gin a body
Meet up wi' a body,
Coming through the rye

does not scan. "Your first thought will be to relate this business" (the mediumship of the exquisite flower) "with hysteria," the doctor remarks; and to "relate" is, again, a new use of the term; perhaps a British savant would have said "co-relate," a word probably unknown to Dr. Johnson. "It always takes place in the dark. It belongs there," is another specimen of the interesting variations produced by a remote Western environment; so is "oodles and wads of money."

Thus the linguistic rather interferes with the romantic interest, which is thrilling. The enamoured savant finds by experience that unknown agencies thump heavily on the door of the drawing-room wherein the poor girl is harmlessly sitting at tea, as if Glam were beating at it. He learns that "electric snapping is heard in the carpet under her little feet," just as the same phenomenon attended a nun in a convent of Paris, about 1550. Here is a barrier between a calm scientist and a lovely lass, and the lass dislikes the whole affair extremely, but is exploited, as a proof of the existence of the soul, by a very disagreeable, sentimental, amorous preacher.

It would be unfair to tell any more of the story, which is obviously most original, though perhaps there is something not unlike it in Mr. Howells's "Undiscovered Country." Indeed, I have heard of even more curious and disgusting things occurring to a young lady in our own country (and this is a true story); but she was cured by travel and change of air.

I cannot say, it would spoil the story, whether or not the bacteriologist finds out the cause of the phenomena; or why the name of Mr. Myers is spelled "Meyer" and "Meyers." But it is a fact that a lady generally neglects her early accomplishments, such as painting, carving, music, the study of the literature of Germany, and the production of thumps on the drawing-room door, after marriage. Of course the nun of 1550 could not marry, and I think she had to be excused by the almoner of Henri II., who has left a long narrative of the occurrences in pleasant old French.

There was a very quaint case of this sort, about seventy years ago, in a semi-detached house at Trinity, near Edinburgh. It was occupied by a Captain Molesworth; next door lived his friend and landlord. The Captain had two daughters, both very young. One of them died, and then the other was attended by the same phenomena as the heroine of Mr. Hamlin Garland. Neither the Church nor Science interfered; there was no preacher, no bacteriologist. The angry Captain tied the girl up in a hammock, I think, which did not put an end to the noises. He pulled the house almost to pieces in his zeal for the discovery of normal causes, and even broke the partition wall into the house of his landlord. This led to a suit in the Court of the Sheriff of Edinburgh, which lasted long. I have seen some of the legal documents in this extraordinary case, but they throw no light on the real cause of the troubles. The lawsuit appears to have died of the inability of law to tackle circumstances which perplex science and religion.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Millard Lane, Strand, W.C.

ALAIN C. WHITE (Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo).—We are pleased to receive your problem, of which we shall make an early use.
C. HENRY (Biggleswade).—We are glad to understand you have recovered from your illness. Problem shall have early attention.
J. HOLLAND (Kamp, Holland).—The rules you mention have no actual existence as given, but they underlie the standard by which two-move problems are judged.
G. E. K. PARKER (Cambridge).—Your problems are very acceptable.
F. R. KNOX.—We are glad to find you are not discouraged, and hope the new problem will be suitable.

H. W. HARDING (Redcliffe Square, S.W.).—Thanks for further position.
P. DALY (Brighton).—We are confident that if you gave No. 321 another glance you would see Kt takes B (ch) does not solve it. Your problems to hand.

F. W. ATTENSHORN (Crowthorne).—We think the price is 7s. 6d., but a post card to J. M. Brown, Park Cross Street, Leeds, will get a correct answer.

L. VAN DEN BERG (Belfast).—For your purpose, "The Chess Player's Pocket Book," by James Mortimer, is to be obtained of Frank Hollings, 7, Great Tisbury, Holborn.

F. ROBINSON (Chapelton).—Cook's "Compendium to the Op-mings" would suit you, partly for which apply to either of the two addresses above.
A. SPELTZBERGER (Chas. Payer (Auckland, New Zealand).—The adoption of the German notation meets the difficulty of which you complain.

CORRESPONDENCE.—SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3215.—By E. J. WINTERWOOD.
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3215.—By E. J. WINTERWOOD.
1. K to K 5th
2. Mates accordingly.
BLACK.
Any move
PROBLEM No. 3218.—By GODFREY HEATHCOTE.
BLACK.
The diagram shows a chessboard position for a problem. White pieces are on a1, b1, c1, d1, e1, f1, g1, h1, a2, b2, c2, d2, e2, f2, g2, h2, a3, b3, c3, d3, e3, f3, g3, h3, a4, b4, c4, d4, e4, f4, g4, h4, a5, b5, c5, d5, e5, f5, g5, h5, a6, b6, c6, d6, e6, f6, g6, h6, a7, b7, c7, d7, e7, f7, g7, h7, a8, b8, c8, d8, e8, f8, g8, h8. Black pieces are on a1, b1, c1, d1, e1, f1, g1, h1, a2, b2, c2, d2, e2, f2, g2, h2, a3, b3, c3, d3, e3, f3, g3, h3, a4, b4, c4, d4, e4, f4, g4, h4, a5, b5, c5, d5, e5, f5, g5, h5, a6, b6, c6, d6, e6, f6, g6, h6, a7, b7, c7, d7, e7, f7, g7, h7, a8, b8, c8, d8, e8, f8, g8, h8.

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Any move

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE SCIENCE OF THE YEAR.

A review of the scientific progress which has been made during the past year, while it discloses no outstanding or phenomenal discovery, none the less reveals steady progress in the work of adding to our stores of knowledge. In truth, the more widespread scientific activity is seen to be, the less are the probabilities of the frequency of epoch-making results. We must bear in mind, also, that many researches which are apt to pass unnoticed and unchronicled in the records of modern work would of themselves in former years have been acclaimed with praise. We have become so accustomed to advance in all branches of inquiry that our wonderment has been replaced by a kind of tacit expectation that discoveries are things of the simple order of the day. Therefore it becomes us to bear in mind, and that gratefully, the work of those labourers in the scientific vineyard whose contributions to knowledge, though inconspicuous to the multitude, none the less deserve appreciation as important addenda to the sum-total of knowledge.

Probably in the domain of thought which deals with the composition of the universe around us there has been a greater revolution of opinion than is represented in any other department of science. We have advanced in our conceptions of the ultimate constitution of matter beyond the ideas of the ordinary molecule or atom as the essential unit of everything. Physicists to-day ask us to regard the outer universe as really a big store-house of electrical energy, the play of whose atoms makes for all the displays of force with which we are conversant. Researches into the nature of radium have also thrown new light on many problems connected not only with the manifestation of energy, but also with its mode of production. It has even been suggested that the sun's store of heat may be explained on the theory of the combustion of some materials which give forth emanations under conditions represented by some singular states of economy in the work of combustion. The sun may thus grow old, but the ageing process on this view would be exceedingly retarded. So we are told that the estimates of physicists concerning the cooling of celestial fires must be much enlarged in point of time. Spite of age, old Sol would now seem to be credited by science with perennial juvenility.

The past year has witnessed attempts to bring even life itself into line with certain physical conditions, other than those we know as necessary for its continuance. Mr. Burke's views that the influence of radium exerted upon bouillon results in the production of certain microscopic bodies that are to be regarded as probably representing an initial stage of vitality, are familiar to most readers. All that the cautious biologist will say of these investigations is comprised in the convenient phrase "not proven." The so-called "radiobes" may be vital, but this point has not been decided. If they are proved to be living atoms, there will still remain the work of accounting for their appearance and development—a difficult task, and one involving the exclusion of all possible sources of infection of the solution with pre-existing life. Dr. H. C. Bastian returned to the investigations of former years in connection with the appearance of living organisms in solutions regarded as essentially sterile, but he supplemented this line of research by another in which he claimed to have proved the evolution of certain grades of microscopic beings from other and lower groups. Again, it is eminently to be desired that such researches should be duly tried and tested. They point, if confirmed, to the solution of the question of the manner of life's evolution at large—a subject as fascinating as it is intricate.

The practical-minded amongst us must have marked with interest the enormous strides which the science and art of locomotion have made. To run quickly to and fro over the earth is an essential part of modern existence. There is not a very great gulf fixed in point of time between the old stage-coach and the railway or between signal-fires and the ordinary telegraph or its wireless neighbour. But we have sped swiftly indeed "down the ringing grooves of change." The turbine-steamers have crossed the Atlantic, and we get a higher rate of speed, with less coal-consumption and much less complex machinery to boot. If we hurry over the sea at the speed of a train of former days, so our railways are literally putting their shoulders to the wheel in providing engines of types and of power undreamt of a few years ago. There is no spectacle which should impress us more forcibly as a demonstration of practical science, applied to the betterment of life, than that of a huge modern locomotive panting like a noble horse from its long journey, made safely and swiftly almost from one end of the land to the other. The whole organisation of the modern railway forms as direct and convincing testimony to the practical side of engineering science, and equally to its progress, as we could wish to see.

That department of science which concerns itself with the fight against disease, and with the prevention of the ills that beset us, has not been inactive during the year that is past. Unfortunately, the search after the exact cause and origin of cancer has as yet yielded nothing definite, or such as can place within the hands of the physician a cure for this terrible ailment. Scientists are not yet agreed on the question whether cancer is caused by some microbe or parasite, or whether it consists in some malign tendency for body cells to multiply and develop in the direction of disease. Even on the latter theory, we should, if it were proved true, be faced with the further problem of the conditions in virtue of which the cells were made to drift from the healthy into the diseased state. A new "cure" for tuberculosis has been mooted. All that one may say of this item is that the matter is under investigation, and that medicine wisely waits for fuller knowledge before assuming that the ideas of the discoverer are necessarily correct. But at least we can say the science of life-saving lingers not behind any of its sister branches.

ANDREW WILSON.

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THE QUEST OF HAPPY MONTHS, A NEW YEAR'S EVE SUPERSTITION.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLEKE.



CLIMBING THE STAIRS BACKWARDS TO THE STROKE OF TWELVE O'CLOCK.

The stage direction for this superstition runs: Let the members of the house-party station themselves at the foot of the stairs just before twelve o'clock on New Year's Eve. At each stroke of the clock let them mount one step backwards, and so on. Every step successfully mounted means a happy month; every stumble a reverse, during the coming year.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

FROM time to time, and in various periodicals during the last thirty years and more, Mr. Henry James has written papers, more or less intimate and autobiographic, that would come well under a general heading of "Portraits of Places," as indeed a selection of them actually did, which appeared in a volume with that title years ago. They are now brought together in "English Hours" (Heinemann) "for the great advantage they will be felt to derive from the company and support of Mr. Pennell's illustrations." These illustrations are indeed excellent, giving the text exactly "company and support," as illustrations so rarely do. Take as examples "The end of a wet black Sunday"—of how many wet, black days does not that particular pile of flats remind the present writer!—"A Devonshire Lane," and, indeed, any one at random of these drawings; they supplement and harmonise with the letter-press, not entering into competition with it, or disturbing by contrast of tone the impression it makes on the reader. These "Hours" are spent in Devon and Warwickshire, Oxford and Cambridge, Hastings, Brighton, Rye, Winchelsea, amid the rural picturesque of England, her Cathedral towers and lawns, in her antique towns, and winter watering-places. But most, and the best of them are passed in London itself. It is London which has given him most of those "wonderments, and judgments, and emotions, whether felicities or mistakes, the fine freshness of which the author has—to his misfortune, no doubt—sufficiently outlived." The punctual registration of these, which we have here, will either delight or offend; for such evanescent and intangible things, to some of chief importance, to others are of none at all. That is why we never fall in with tepid appreciation of Mr. James's manner. We are happy and fortunate to be among those whom it delights.

A book of singular charm. That is what we said to ourselves on laying down Mr. Walter Raymond's "Jacob and John" (Hodder and Stoughton). It reminds us of a water-colour of the fine English school—finished, cheerful, a happy and tender thing, full of detail, and breathing the spirit of the place. This may seem rather ecstatic praise for a story which, were we to attempt to outline it, would certainly seem commonplace—as commonplace as the elms and eaves taken out of the pictures it recalls. Indeed, we felt a little regret on finding, as the story unfolded, that there was a plot, and complications and unravellings, as in any other story, and of very much the same kind as in any other. The adventures are brave, and the coils of villainy are thickly wound, and wound, too, about most deserving virtue; but it is not for these that we like the book or that (as we imagine) it was written. The people of the story are not to be detached from their countryside; they and it make a picture of the "rural picturesque"—of eighteenth-century Somerset in particular, but by the author's happy treatment of old England as well, "rolling its circle of toil with rustic sport and jollity at every spoke of the wheel." Some of the chapters, such as "The High-crowned Felt" and "Old October," are perfect pictures—perfect in their deft workmanship. We end as we began: it is a book of unusual charm that Mr. Raymond has given us in "Jacob and John," and we congratulate him very heartily upon it.

When Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick writes about German provincial life she is inimitable; and just at the present time, when our neighbours seem likely to get upon our nerves—and we on theirs—with results that would be deplorable for both parties, it is most refreshing to turn to "The Professor's Legacy" (Arnold), where shrewd geniality and understanding deepen a charming love-story into an admirable study of Teuton life and manners. No one can make the average person more interesting and amusing to the novel-reader than Mrs. Sidgwick; she believes in depicting average people, taking them with a leavening pinch of dry humour; and if it may be argued that neither Rosamund nor Christian Witt are quite "ordinary," it is evident enough that they are broadly typical. We meet Rosamund first as a quaint child with two thick plaits of red hair, green eyes, and a clear skin, poring over her geography lesson in her learned father's study—a small, forlorn object upon whom a young Englishman who has come to worship at the great German's shrine takes a brotherly pity; we leave her a woman, ruling capably and well in her own little world—and where that world is situated and what place the Englishman occupies in it we would urge the reader to discover forthwith for himself. "The Professor's Legacy" is full of droll and clever touches; it runs with great facility; and, taking it all round, it is distinctly more attractive and readable than the majority of the current works of fiction, even than those that have more pretentious reasons for existence.

Few books illustrate the mellowing influence of time so well as Mr. O'Brien's "Recollections" (Macmillan); but then he breaks off at his first election to Parliament in 1883, a date at which he had not developed strong differences with any of his Nationalist colleagues. Still, the book covers his editorship of *United Ireland* during the Spencer Viceroyalty, and no reader of his good-humoured reminiscences of the way in which that remarkable organ was produced under difficulties would guess that it had raised the standard of political scurrility several degrees above proof, so to say. If Sir George Trevelyan ever writes his own memoirs, he may have some remarks to make on this subject. Mr. O'Brien writes fluently, and has an interesting story to tell. He shows (like most of us, for that matter) a keener sense of humour in the study than on the platform, and, on the other hand, his work is coloured by a sentimentalism which is at times cloying. But since he chooses to unbosom himself to the world at large, we may say that few men have suffered so much from family bereavements or have, in the face of

persistent ill-health, made such a plucky fight. Of his essential sincerity there is no doubt whatever. But he has an imaginative temperament, and it is difficult to take seriously his speculations as to the possible success of a wild plan which he conceived of leading the Dublin Metropolitan Police (who were on strike for reasons quite unconnected with politics), to kidnap Lord Spencer in Dublin Castle. Unfortunately, the Secret Society leaders would not co-operate, and Parnell did not think much of the idea. The book contains much that is of interest about Parnell, who first brought Mr. O'Brien into prominence by making him an editor, and afterwards sent him into the House. The present instalment gives a very faithful picture of life in a small Munster town when Mr. O'Brien was young, and includes a description of his very comfortable prison experience in Kilmainham. If the reminiscences are continued, we shall have more exciting matter in coercion under Mr. Balfour—who was more strict than Mr. W. E. Forster—the Plan of Campaign and the New Tipperary fiasco, and the Anti-Parnellite split. Mr. O'Brien at present ploughs a lonely furrow, and this is not the place to discuss his differences with his colleagues. But none of the latter could have written a book so interesting as the present one, though the English reader will do well to remember that all its statements about Irish landlords and tenants are made by one who used to be a fierce partisan, and that the desire for reconciliation between the two countries, which Mr. O'Brien at present honestly believes to have been his main purpose in life, was oddly invisible when he was an editor in the early 'eighties.

Why will publishers set us riddles to solve by issuing without a word of explanation the autobiography, in excellent English, of a man who apparently knows no language but Russian? It is a question of some importance whether Father Gapon's "Story of My Life" (Chapman and Hall) represents the narrative of a not very erudite Russian priest or the version of that story which his cultivated friends, the "intellectuals," wish to have accepted in Europe. The British public is so sure that all revolutionaries are virtuous in every country except South Africa and Ireland that they will not care, but some of us who would like to understand Russian affairs would like to sift the evidence. Father Gapon, however excellent his motives may be, has a heavy responsibility to face. He led a crowd of working men and women into what most people would have known beforehand to be a very ruthless slaughter. He then wisely escaped from Russia. It would be interesting to know what political changes he wishes to accomplish, but on this matter he is vague. His story is interesting: he is a peasant educated above the mass of his fellows who took priest's orders, and, on the death of his wife, entered a Theological Academy which prepares its inmates for the monastic life. Being intensely interested in social questions, and keenly anxious to ameliorate the life of the Russian poor, he organised working-men's clubs with a certain amount of encouragement from the authorities. But it is fairly clear that his aims soon became, if they were not throughout, revolutionary in the political sense. The most interesting passage in the book describes the massacre in St. Petersburg, which filled the world with horror and the world's Press with hysteria. And the most interesting revelation in this passage is that Father Gapon induced the "Revolutionary Socialists and Social Democratic parties" to co-operate in his march of unarmed workmen to the Winter Palace. He urged these people not to touch the Tsar himself; to "let him return quietly to Tsarkoye Selo," and "the Revolutionists promised that this should be done." The authorities must have known that the Revolutionists were in the procession, and cannot have known that they had promised not to touch the Tsar. Possibly, had they known, they would not have thought the security a good one. But whatever opinion one may entertain of Father Gapon, his book throws a really interesting light on the condition of the Russian Church and the life of the people, and more particularly on the extent to which popular movements are instigated and manipulated by the Secret Police.

According to current conceptions, the life of our globe has been gradually developed by a process of evolution, and the adoption of this view leads very naturally to the question whether there is continuity also between the inorganic and the organic, whether dead matter can produce, or ever has produced, living matter. Dr. Bastian is an ardent and veteran advocate of the view that living matter is constantly being produced *de novo*, and his present volume, "The Nature and Origin of Living Matter" (Fisher Unwin), is a rehearsal of the arguments and experimental evidence available. The arguments are based chiefly on the supposed analogous behaviour of crystalline matter and on the general continuity of Nature. The value of the experimental evidence is doubtful, for it has failed to convince such eminent scientists as Pasteur, Tyndall, and Huxley. Further, as Lister has said, "the doctrine of spontaneous generation has been chased successively to lower and lower stations in the world of organised beings as our means of investigation have been improved. It is interesting to note that Dr. Bastian is sceptical as to the real nature of the "radiobes" recently described by Burke; he considers that so far no adequate evidence has been adduced showing that these "radiobes" are really living things. Dr. Bastian's arguments come very closely into touch with one phase of modern scientific work, and that is when he expounds the view that bacteria may be produced *de novo*. For the bacteriological work of the present day is based on the assumption that contagious diseases are propagated only by the transmission of already existing germs. When, however, Dr. Bastian speaks of bacteria being produced *de novo*, he refers chiefly to the possibility of pathogenic organisms being developed from common, harmless micro-organisms through the modifying influence of unhealthy conditions. Future investigation only can show whether this view is correct.

THE KING'S PICTURES.

WITH the approval of his Majesty, and under the direction of the Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Lionel Cust, Surveyor of the King's Pictures and Works of Art, has edited, and Mr. Heinemann publishes, a record of the royal collection in the form of two large portfolios. Needless to say, both the editor and the publisher have had just such experience as goes to the making of an admirable work. The first portfolio—that of which we now write—deals with some hundred pictures housed at Buckingham Palace; the second portfolio—to be ready in May—will treat of some eighty at Windsor Castle. It will be seen that Mr. Cust has made a selection rather than a collection of royal pictures; for Hampton Court and other regal galleries have been ignored in his survey. Such noble pictures as the Hampton Court Tintoretto are therefore wanting.

Extremely interesting is the historical aspect of this book, considering that it is a review not only of the history of England's taste in the arts, but of the tastes and therefore the character of England's Kings. Libraries and picture galleries have ever been the attributes of nobility; it is just, then, that the Royal Collection of Paintings should be foremost in the la d, and that the first gentleman in England should count among his possessions many splendid canvases. It is proper, too, in these days of public connoisseurship in the Old Masters, that the Royal Collection should have its book. Henry VIII. was the founder of the collection that is extant to-day—that is to say, pictures possessed by him, and mentioned in an inventory in 1542, are the earliest contributions. In art annals, Henry VIII. stands for Holbein. Later, it was the queenly hand of Caroline, wife of George II., that opened a forgotten drawer in Kensington Palace to discover the series of incomparable Holbein drawings now in the Library at Windsor.

The first regal collector of really accomplished taste was Charles the First's brother, whose pictures, on his death, passed into the hands of the monarch whom Van Dyck has made a ruler for ever. And Charles I. would have been eminent among all Europe's collectors, even if he had not been able to brand his possessions with royal monogram and crown. When he was still Prince of Wales he had done extremely well in the gathering together of masterpieces: it was in 1625 that Rubens, in a letter to Valavez, wrote, "Monsieur le Prince de Galles est le prince le plus amateur de la peinture qui soit au monde." His collection was indeed a marvellous one; and had it not been dispersed by the Commonwealth, Edward VII. would to-day have in his keeping galleries unrivalled in Europe. In Italian pictures of the sixteenth century, and especially in Titian (which reminds us again to grumble at the poor display made by Italy's art in the present book) his galleries were extraordinarily rich, so rich indeed that some of the Louvre's chief treasures from the Venetian's brush were lost to England after his trial and execution. Mr. Cust believes that it was necessity, not a lamentable economy, that drove the Commonwealth to sell Charles's pictures. All the collecting world had representatives at the Christie's of Cromwell's time to bid for the dead King's treasures, which were to help pay the dead King's debts. And here Velasquez may be somehow linked in history with Whitehall; for doubtless the Spanish artist advised the Spanish King to buy the supposed Raphael and Titians which are still upon the walls of the Prado. Charles has been accredited with a very sound judgment and keen eye, and certainly he made purchases of almost bewilderingly good sense. He it was who brought to England the incomparable set of Mantegna cartoons, illustrating the triumph of Julius Caesar, now at Hampton Court. If his admiration for Raphael was rather rash when it caused him to give away the famous book of Holbein drawings of personages of Henry the Eighth's Court in exchange for the "St. George" now in the Hermitage, we must remember that we owe to him England's holding of the "Cartoons" now at South Kensington, that the Louvre owes to his collection splendid Titians, our National Gallery some of its finest canvases, and England the credit of having prospered art in the persons of two painters who received what was then the dignity of knighthood.

Charles II. had a baser taste in painting than Charles I., though he did something to re-collect his father's pictures. But not till the reign of George IV. were many important additions made to the Royal Collection. That Sovereign did an extraordinary deal of buying as Prince Regent, and, inspired by the taste of the time, and the advice of the most knowing, formed a finely representative collection of works of the Dutch School at Carlton House. Now that £9000 is paid for a Hobbema, the Prince is shown to have been a prudent buyer. His most royal purchases were the splendid examples of Rembrandt now at Buckingham Palace; the "Portrait of a Lady with a Fan" is a particularly creditable possession, for its breadth of treatment can hardly have satisfied the lovers of the careful Dutchmen who painted your tavern brawl and your tavern pots and pewter with minute care.

Kingly taste has always been in order, and if it has not moulded public taste, it has conciliated and adopted it. Charles the First's enthusiasm for Venetian art was not original; but it was a fine regal enthusiasm, and has not been matched by succeeding Sovereigns. A curious diversion in the consistent tendencies of royal taste in pictures is made by the Prince Consort's interest in the early schools. To his purse the royal collection owes its possessions of early Italian schools, which were dispersed by the powdered eighteenth century and ignored by the majority until late in the nineteenth. It is strange that a period of royal patronage for Landseer, Von Angeli, and Winterhalter, a period which filled English galleries with canvases which have long outstayed their welcome on ever-precious wall-space, should have purchased a "Crucifixion" of the Viennese School, a "Virgin and Child Enthroned" by Gentile da Fabriano, and a "Judgment of Simon Magus" by Benozzo Gozzoli—a picture now hanging in the private apartments of Queen Alexandra. WILFRID MEYNELL.

In no sphere of life is the fascination of the mouth such an important factor as among the ornaments of the operatic and dramatic stage. It is with them a first consideration. A healthy mouth and radiant teeth form one of their indispensable attractions. No people, therefore, are better able to express an opinion upon what constitutes an effective dental preparation than these celebrities, and when they are

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LADIES' PAGES.

Her Majesty's appointment as one of her new Maids-of-Honour of the daughter of Colonel the Hon. Lewis Dawnay, M.P., is yet another added to many previous instances of the favour and affection shown by the present Queen towards those who were devoted and faithful servants of Queen Victoria. Miss Dawnay's grandfather was the late General the Hon. Charles Grey, who was at one time Private Secretary to the Prince Consort, and was honoured after the death of the Prince with the same appointment to the widowed Queen Victoria. Lady Victoria Dawnay, the mother of the new Maid-of-Honour, is one of the late Queen's grandchildren and namesakes. The whole family of General Grey have been recipients of the royal kindness whenever opportunity has arisen. It is a son of the late Queen's Private Secretary who is now Earl Grey, and he goes to represent the King as Governor-General in Canada, at the same time that his brother-in-law—for Lord Minto is the husband of General Grey's youngest daughter—goes to fill the like exalted office in India, and that his niece is appointed a Maid-of-Honour; while another of the late General Grey's daughters, the Countess of Antrim, has been for some time past one of Queen Alexandra's Ladies-in-Waiting.

The position of a Maid-of-Honour is much coveted, for it gives a social distinction even beyond that which is expressed in the right associated with it to be called "the Honourable" for life; and, yet more enviable fact, it brings the favoured holder constantly into the gracious presence of the Queen. There is a salary of £300 a year attached to the post, but this is less of a consideration, since the dress expenditure involved is considerable. Maids-of-Honour are a very ancient institution, though the holders are always youthful and charming. There is an amusing story in the papers published not long since by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, from Lord Salisbury's collection, of the efforts made by one of Queen Elizabeth's "Maids" to get a rich grant of land as the reward of her six years' service to the Queen. Her anxious mother, Lady Russell, was a sister of Lord Burleigh's wife, and she is writing to her nephew, Sir Robert Cecil, to beg his aid in securing the lease desired. The anxious mother says that she had presented Queen Elizabeth with "a gown and petticoat of such tissue as should have been for the Queen of Scots' wedding garment; but I got them for my Queen, full dearly bought, I well wot! Beside, I gave her Majesty a canopy of tissue, with curtains of crimson taffety, belighted gold. I gave also two hats with two jewels, though I say it, fine hats; the one white beaver, the jewel of the one above a hundred pounds price, besides the pendant pearl, which cost me thirty pounds more."

The poor lady adds that she has sent a New Year's gift to the Queen "of £30 in fair gold"; and has spent



A FANCY BALL DRESS.

"Queen of the Rose" might be the title of this rose-trimmed chiffon frock, with a great blossom used as head-dress, and a band of button roses fastening the skirt.

altogether in gifts to her Majesty "above £500 in eighteen weeks," all in the hope, as she candidly states, "to have Dunnington lease." Certainly, in many respects the present day is in advance of the old times, when greed and venality were rampant. By-the-way, one wonders what was "the Queen of Scots' wedding garment" that had apparently passed into a proverb for splendour in her own day. It was probably the twelve yards' long white velvet and silver dress worn by the ill-fated girl at her first wedding to King Francis; for at her marriage with Darnley, Queen Mary still wore the widow's weeds that she had donned for the dead King: "a great black mourning gown, with a great wide mourning hood"—truly a melancholy wedding garment for an unlucky ceremony! Afterwards, for the dinner and the dance, "she put on her wedding robes," but there remains no record of what it was that she wore for those festivities.

The youthful German Crown Princess is not only credited with disdaining the bearing-rein for her own horses, but also with having converted the Kaiser and induced him to order its discontinuance in his own stable appointments. The Crown Princess is an excellent "whip," though the term is a misnomer, a mere *façon de parler*, in her case, for she prides herself upon the fact that she never uses a whip. Her horses know and heed her voice, and put forth their utmost powers to please her without the lash. This merciful disposition towards the animals under her authority is a good augury for the people whose fate the young Princess may one day be able to affect. Yet it is a sad reflection how little may be the effect of Queenly excellence. The Tsaritsa is of a rarely generous and tender-hearted character, and yet how dreadful is the state of her husband's country! Even more tragic is an illustration that I find in my note-book, taken from the Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach. She says that Queen Marie Antoinette, "in the dreadful winter, gave proofs of her goodness and beneficence. She presented five hundred louis from her own purse to be distributed to the poor. In giving this to the lieutenant of police, her Majesty said to him, 'Hasten to dispose of this sum to help the unhappy; never did I part with money in a way so gratifying to my feelings.' At this period," adds the Margravine, "the Queen was honoured with the good opinion of the people, who did justice to her humanity. They raised a pyramid of snow to her honour at the extremity of the street of St. Honoré, with these lines inscribed upon it—

'Reine, dont la bonté surpasse les appas,
Près du Roi bienfaisant occupe ici la place;
Si ce monument frêle est de neige et de glace,
Nos cœurs pour toi ne sont pas froids.'"

This testimony ought to prevent the repetition of the absurd statement which is often made that Queen Marie Antoinette

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ECCLIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was laid aside by a chill during the week before Christmas, but was able to go to Canterbury on Thursday's ordination.

The S.P.G. is still housed in Delahay Street, Westminster, but Bishop Montgomery recently announced that the site for the Society's new home has been unanimously agreed upon. It is hoped that the S.P.G. will shortly be able to send out four clergy to Japan, where the field for Christian work is now promising.

The *Guardian* reports an amusing speech of the Bishop of Norwich, who said at a recent meeting that he was probably the first Bishop of that diocese who did not keep a carriage or a horse. He had to go about in a very humble way, and he was reminded of a *jeu d'esprit* related to him by Bishop Stubbs. The lines ran as follows—

The Bishops once, in days of yore,
Would drive about in coach-and-four;
And when their lordships dropped their wigs
They drove about in simple gigs;
But now so handy we have got
That if you want us on the spot
Just drop a penny in the slot.

A striking sermon was preached at St. John's, Westminster, on the third Sunday in Advent by Bishop T. E. Wilkinson. He appealed earnestly on behalf of the scheme for creating a Bishopric of Khartoum in memory of General Gordon. The native population of the Nile valley, he said, was worth helping. There were a few native Christians about the sources of the Nile, and

some of them had been subjected to severe persecution and torture. Gordon said, "I would give my life for these poor people of the Soudan."

Two interesting appointments have been made at St. John's Hall, High-bury. Mr. H. G. Harding, of the University of Constantinople,

H.M.S. Albemarle, has been appointed resident tutor and librarian.

The new Dean of Carlisle, Dr. Charles J. Ridgeway, has been installed at Carlisle Cathedral by Bishop Diggle. He will shortly take up his residence in the city.

Messrs. Letts, whose name spells "Diaries," continue this year their admirable system of issuing with their handy pocket-books insurance policies for £1000 in case of death by accident, and for sums varying from £100 to £500 in case of injury. The same firm publish "Moore's Almanac," "The Improved Annual House-keeper," "The Ladies' Year-Book," "The Family Cyclo-pædia," and "The Daily Health Diary," by Mr. Eustace Miles, a pocket-guide to hygiene.

The interior decorations of the new Aldwych Theatre are by Messrs. Waring and Gillow, Limited, and mark something of a new departure. The aim of the artists has been to get away from the florid and often garish ornament of the French styles, and to produce an ensemble characterised by a combination of dignity, perfect taste, and repose. In order to give effect to this aim, the early Georgian style has been adopted—Georgian, that is, before it degenerated into an over-elaborate display of ornament. Messrs. Waring and Gillow appear to have solved the problem how to invest a theatre with a delicate and dainty charm without the usual accompaniment of frigidity.

The new automatic starter for Mors cars is extraordinarily simple and absolutely reliable. The other day in Paris a lady saw one used, and immediately got into the car and started it without any effort. It may be added that the car was one of high horse-power, which it would have been impossible for the lady to set in motion without the aid of the automatic starter.



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has been recognised by the Senate of the University of London as Lecturer in Arabic at St. John's Hall. The Rev. G. W. Briggs, M.A., Chaplain of

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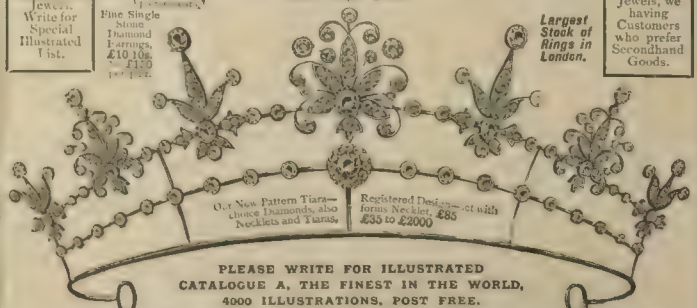


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NOTE.—Mr. W. M. Everett, President of the Evans Vacuum Cap Company, is now in London, at the Cecil Hotel, where he will remain until February 15. Mr. Everett invites personal calls from all interested in the Evans Vacuum Cap, and will also give attention to any correspondence sent to him on the subject.

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The Whisky with the Hones

MUSIC.

RICHARD STRAUSS—BUSONI.

The labyrinth surrounding the Palace of Art in which Richard Strauss lives and thrives is hard to penetrate, but Mr. Alfred Kalisch, like Theseus of old, has overcome the difficulties, and in his address to the Concertgoers, to which we made brief reference last week, he made it clear that he has used his very considerable knowledge of musical construction as a thread to guide him to his destination. In reviewing the earlier operatic works of Richard Strauss, and pointing out how their composer has advanced while proceeding from one to another, Mr. Kalisch was always interesting, sincere, and well informed. And yet it seemed to us that he, like so many of Strauss's admirers, is dazzled by the composer's extraordinary ability to apply to music the mind and method of the mathematician. Theseus is so startled by the Minotaur—the opponents of Strauss might remark—that he forgets his sword and sings a hymn of praise.

Perhaps we have been dazzled by great men; perhaps we cannot but remember that the greatest of all composers have been abused or neglected in their early days. It is certain that we would rather be among those who welcome a man of genius too effusively than with those who pass him by. In their time, London's critics have rejected Beethoven, Berlioz, Schumann, and Wagner, and they have only accepted Brahms under protest. This myopic vision is not peculiar to London, for we know that that highly-distinguished critic, the elder M. E. Fétis, took great exception to Wagner and Schumann, because they did not happen to write like Mozart and Beethoven. And yet the two critics, Edouard and his father before him, were men of accepted judgment and reasonable taste. Music is ever changing, our ears are constantly becoming susceptible to new impressions, and he would be a bold man who would declare that Strauss is not writing for the ears of Nietzsche's "Beyond Man" or his immediate predecessors. Granting this, we may believe that the time

will come when the capacity to treat a motif as though it were an anagram will be regarded as the supreme test of excellence, and the Minotaur born of mathematics and music will enjoy his perennial tribute of applause. As Mr. Kalisch pointed out, with no little reverence, to the Concertgoers, Strauss relies in his operas upon very few motifs, but every one he uses must be kaleidoscopic, capable—that is to say, of endless variation.

This is magnificent, but is it music? or is it the application of the German scientific method to musical art, and the consequent creation, if not of a Minotaur, of a great house upon the sands destined to be swept away in a flood of laughter by a generation that will charge us with seeking to atone for the iconoclasm of our forebears by worshipping false gods wherever we could find them? We ask the question in all seriousness, but in equal earnestness refrain from answering it, for we have yet to hear more of the Strauss operas than was played upon the piano with so much skill by Mr. Epstein during the lecture, and we have yet to understand much of the strange composer's orchestral music.

At the Bechstein Hall last week Signor Busoni demonstrated to a large and well-pleased audience his supreme capacity to deliver Chopin's message in music. While we would not pretend to accept all his readings without question, or to reconcile ourselves at once to his *rubato*, or suggest that the Polish master might not enjoy admirable interpretation at the hands of pianists whose reading of the music differs very considerably from Busoni's, it was impossible not to recognise that we had an interpretation in which there was technical achievement of the highest order, seen through readings in which neither the lyric nor the emotional aspect of the music had to suffer. One felt that Busoni had made a serious study of Chopin's temperament, that all effects he obtained were the ripe product of serious consideration, and that there was nothing in his attitude towards the music that the interpreter was not prepared to defend. Busoni must stand with Pachmann and Lamond as an interpreter of what is, perhaps, the most subtly wrought music in

the world, and his reading is as intensely individual as theirs. We could wish that he had not included the B Minor Sonata in his programme, for the sonata form lay outside the limits of Chopin's art, and no playing, however fine, can raise the sonatas to the plane of the Ballades, the Nocturnes, or the Impromptus.

The Seaside Convalescent Hospital Seaford (offices, 430, Strand, W.C.) appeals for a share of the seasonable gifts of the benevolent. It is the oldest Institution of its kind, and has admitted over 30,000 patients to its benefits since it was established in 1860. Two wards are closed for want of funds.

An earnest appeal for help is made on behalf of the ninety-seven suffering and helpless little ones in the Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip-Disease, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W.C., of which her Majesty the Queen is patron. The expenditure is nearly £6000 yearly, with an income of under £4000. The children, who come from all over the country, all suffer from one of the most terrible of diseases—in reality, consumption of the hip-joint.

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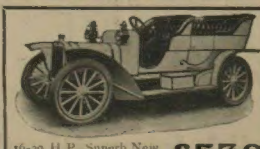
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THE QUIANT AND CURIOUS.

To its museum of quaint things *The Sketch* gathers curiosities from the four quarters of the globe. Even antiquities are treated in a way that robs them of all the dryness usually associated with this subject, and

the paper is never happier than when it shows by pictures from past ages that there is nothing new under the sun. Correspondents everywhere have come to recognise that *The Sketch* welcomes such interesting material. Fantastic drawings by lunatics, to take a single instance, and fascinating old prints showing that the guillotine and the reading-lamp are much older than we imagine were recently added to Miss Sketch's museum.

THE ANECDOTAL.

Amid its diversity of letter-press *The Sketch* excels in the Anecdotal, and in every number it sets before its readers a wonderful collection of short, racy stories suggested by the men and women and the events of the time. The writers of this part of the paper have abundant stores of material at their command, and one at least wears with no ill grace the mantle of G. A. Sala, who had a "cutting" about everything imaginable or unimaginable.

FASHIONS.

To Womankind *The Sketch* is particularly fascinating. Its fashion articles, by a woman thoroughly *du monde*, are always a little in advance of time, and its illustrations of costumes, by one of the first fashion artists, the most *chic* and dainty creations imaginable. All that concerns the world of women concerns Miss Sketch.

SPORT.

While all sports come within the paper's view, racing is particularly strong, and the Turf notes are by no less a person than Captain Coe. The Captain's "Monday Tips" are known as very sure guides to knowledge, and those who have tried them advise their friends in the tip of another famous Captain—"When found make a note of."

MOTORING.

Motorists have learned to look to *The Sketch* for the very latest word on everything that concerns their auto-hobby. The newest contrivances are illustrated as soon as the inventor makes them known, and those who would choose a car will find that *The Sketch's* advice best stands the reliability trial.

THE CITY.

The hard facts of finance are so cunningly administered to the reader that he peruses them like romance, but the story is true as well as beautiful. And when he has enjoyed the City article pure and simple, he passes on to something brighter and more amusing still—the dialogue entitled, "Finance in a First-Class Carriage," where "Brokie" and his friends discuss the markets, and amid their chaff let fall golden hints to those wise enough to take them. No financial article has greater weight with investors than this.

THE SHORT STORY.

The Sketch short stories are famous for their extraordinary *chic*. The weekly "Novel in a Nutshell" is a masterpiece of condensation and point. Nowhere else is the fiction so remarkable—the *dernier cri* of interest, brevity, and brilliancy, and although so sparkling *The Sketch* never oversteps the bounds of decorum.

GENERAL "TURN-OUT": AN IDEA IN EVERY PAGE.

In *The Sketch* nothing is done at random. Every page is arranged with the most careful thought, and all the incidental decorations and borders are appropriate to the subject. The whole "make-up," as the arrangement of the paper is technically called, is the proof of this, and the hundreds of pictures of every size in each number are handled to the utmost advantage. The journal has been steadily increasing in sheer bulk of paper, and is the best and most attractive sixpennyworth on the bookstalls. Its growth during the past year is the best assurance that 1906 will see yet further advances in this most enterprising periodical. The best New Year Resolution is to decide to subscribe to *The Sketch*.

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THE paper of the future is the paper whose watchword is "to-morrow"—not, of course, in the Spaniards' procrastinating sense, but in the sense that to-day's work is done with the future full in view. Only thus is the truly "up-to-date" spirit to be caught. Lightness, variety, and excellence of "turn-out" are also essential to capture the swift-moving, hard-to-please public of to-day, and all these qualities are to be found combined in *The Sketch*, a serious undertaking that owns itself the most frivolous of illustrated papers. It treats the serious, indeed, more airily than any other periodical. Week by week, this paper, neither magazine nor journal, but a happy combination of both, is welcomed by an ever-increasing circle of readers, who find in its pictures and print unflinching entertainment. Few, if any, weekly publications are so many-sided, and in its kaleidoscopic variety it touches and brilliantly reflects life at all points.

THE STAGE.

From the first *The Sketch* has been a theatrical paper, popular alike with players and playgoers. It specialises on the theatre. The chief stage beauties lose none of their charms in its piquant pictures, and as a historical gallery of our prettiest actresses its volumes will go down to posterity. These portraits, by-the-way, have helped to make not a few reputations. There is excellent dramatic criticism, reinforced by illustrations, and the whole course of new pieces, scene by scene, is set before the reader at a glance. Under the pictures runs a condensed synopsis of the story, so that he who buys *The Sketch* may, without leaving his easy-chair, go to several playhouses

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 20, 1902), with three codicils, of MRS. ELIZA EYRE, of King's Hill, Dursley, Gloucester, who died on Sept. 24, has been proved by Colonel Edward James Grant and Hugh Ruscombe Poole, the value of the property being sworn at £303,327. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; £2000 each to the Margate Sea-Bathing Infirmary, the Gloucester Infirmary, Guy's Hospital, and St. George's Hospital; £1000 each to the Bristol Infirmary, the Bristol Hospital, and the London Hospital; £500 each to the Gloucester Children's Hospital, the West of England Sanatorium, Weston, and the Convalescent Hospital, Walton, Clevedon; £20,000 and her freehold property at Harrow and Pinner to Mary Matilda H. Grant; £20,000 each to Frances Eliza Macpherson and Emily Harriet Eyre Ponsonby; £15,000 to Emma Barnett; and other legacies. The King's Hill estate and the residue of her property she leaves to her niece, Margaret Poole.

The will (dated March 18, 1899), with a codicil, of SIR JOHN GROVES, of Rodwell Villa, Rodwell, Weymouth, chairman of Sir John Groves and Sons, Limited, brewers, who died on Oct. 20, was proved on Nov. 27 by Herbert John Groves and Ernest Groves, the sons, Richard Caines Watts, and Robert Oakley, the value of the estate being £130,234. The testator gives to his wife £500, and during her widowhood £1500 per annum,

and the use of his house and furniture; to the Dorset County Hospital and the Weymouth Hospital £100 each; to his son-in-law, George Edward Woodhouse, £1000; to the children of his deceased daughter, Mrs. Alice Woodhouse, £6000; to his sister Jane Chilcott Flower £500; to his friend, Henry Bartlett, £500; to his brother William Chilcott Groves and his wife the income from £2400 debentures of John Groves and Sons, Limited; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, and the issue of any deceased child, except the issue of his daughter, Mrs. Woodhouse.

The will (dated Sept. 12, 1905) of MR. THOMAS BLOSSOM OLIVER, of Fir Tree House, Spaldington, Yorkshire, who died on Sept. 13, was proved on Dec. 6 by Mrs. Mary Oliver, the widow, William Oliver, the brother, John Wilson, and Henry Green, the value of the estate amounting to £105,951. The testator gives to his wife £2000, all household effects whatsoever, and the income from all his property. Subject thereto, the whole of his estate is to be divided among his brothers and sisters.

About this time last year an appeal was made for funds to prevent the closing of half of the wards of the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, and the generous response then received placed the institution in a sound position for the time being. The hospital is now asking for £2500 to make up the required

income for 1905, and we wish earnestly to commend this appeal to the generous consideration of our readers. The secretary, Mr. T. Glenton-Kerr, will be glad to give the fullest particulars, and cheques (crossed Barclay's, Lombard Street) should be made payable to him and sent to the hospital, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green.

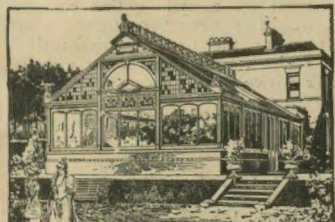
The organisation secretary of the Liverpool Cathedral Committee writes to us as follows: "It would appear from the description on the photograph you published recently that the model it represented is a model of the whole cathedral. This is not the case at all. It is a model of a portion only—the Choir and Transepts—i.e., the portion to be first erected, and the portion of which the foundations are now being put in. The Nave and West Front have not been modelled at all. This is obvious on comparing the model with the drawings of the cathedral, but the general public cannot do this, and think that the part shown is the whole."

The Great Eastern Railway Company announce some important improvements in their train service to and from Felixstowe, one of the most desirable East Coast watering places. It has been arranged that every Saturday during the winter months a connection with Felixstowe, with through carriages from London, will be run off the express train leaving Liverpool Street at 1.30 p.m., arriving at Felixstowe at 3.48 p.m.; also every Sunday a new train will leave Felixstowe Beach at 7.25 p.m., and Felixstowe Town at 7.33, arriving at Liverpool Street at 10.3 p.m.

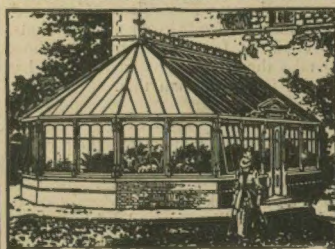
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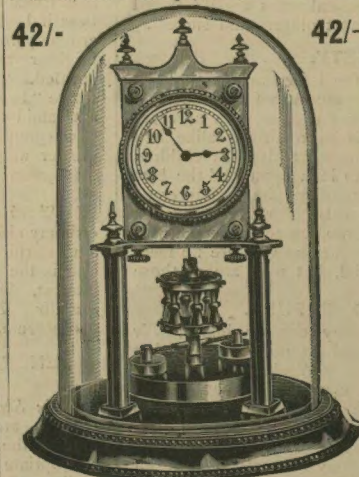
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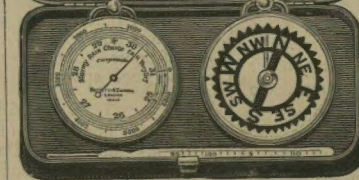
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